

No. 781.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1842.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.  
(Stamped Edition, 5d.)

For the convenience of Subscribers residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are reissued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines.—Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than Three Months, and in advance, are received by M. BAUDRY, 3, Quai Malaquais, Paris, or at the Athenæum Office, London. For France, and other Countries not requiring the postage to be paid in London, 25fr. or 12. 5s. the year. To other Countries, the postage in addition.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.**—The Session will COMMENCE THIS DAY, October 15, at Two o'clock precisely, with a LECTURE Introductory to his Courses of LATIN, by Professor LONG, M.A.  
R. G. LATHAM, A.M. Dean of the Faculty.  
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

**LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE.**—The INTRODUCTORY LECTURE of Professor DONALDSON will be delivered on MONDAY NEXT, 17th inst., at Two o'clock, p.m. Admission free.—The Prospectus in detail of these Courses, and of the other Courses recommended by the Council for the Students of Civil Engineering and Architecture, may be had on application at the Office of the College.  
R. G. LATHAM, Dean of the Faculty of Arts.  
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.  
University College, London, Oct. 12, 1842.

**TO SCHOOLMASTERS.**—The LECTURES, established out of the Funds which have been placed at the disposal of the College by an anonymous Benefactor, who signs himself a 'Patriot,' will be CONTINUED during the ensuing Session. Four Courses, each of Fifteen Lectures, on Latin, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Greek, the Professors of the respective Subjects, will be delivered on Wednesdays and Fridays, from Seven to Nine, p.m. The Lectures on Mathematics will begin on Wednesday, October 19, the Lectures on Latin, on Friday, October 21; the Lectures on Greek and Natural Philosophy will begin in February.  
Fee to Masters of unendowed Schools and Ushers, for a single Lecture, for all the Classes, 10. 10s. Attendance upon these Lectures, and the examination during two years, will entitle the parties to be called Students of the College, and so to be admitted for Degrees in the University of London.  
Gentlemen who are not schoolmasters, on special applications, will be admitted to attend these Lectures at a fee of 3s. for each Class.  
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.  
University College, October, 1842.

**SOCIETY OF SCHOOLMASTERS, instituted**  
in the Reign of Queen Anne, A.D. 1710.  
This Society affords assistance during Sickness, and provides for its incapacitated Members. It also secures to the family of a deceased contributor an amount proportionate to the time he has subscribed. The subscription is Two Guineas per annum (payable quarterly), and the stock 1000l. The NEXT MEETING will be held at 7 p.m. on FRIDAY, the 28th October, 1842, at the Queen's Arms Tavern, Newgate-street, where further information may be obtained.  
H. MANWELL, Esq. } Stewards.  
GEO. GIBBS, Esq. }

**TO ARTISTS.**—ART-UNION OF LONDON.  
—SIXTY POUNDS will be given for the best consecutive series of TEN DESIGNS IN OUTLINE (size 12 inches by 8). The subject is left at the option of the Artist, but must be some of some Epoch in British History, or be taken from the Works of some English Author.  
Simplicity of Composition and Expression, severe Beauty of Form, and pure, correct Drawing, are the qualities which the Committee are anxious to realize in this Series. If it should be deemed expedient to engrave the Compositions selected, the Artist will receive a further remuneration to superintend the publication.

The Drawings, accompanied by a sealed letter containing the name and address of the Artist, must be forwarded to the Secretary on Wednesday, 15th Oct. 1842, at 10 o'clock.  
A Trafalgar-square, GEO. GODWIN, Jun. } Hon. Secs.  
11th Oct. 1842. LEWIS POCOCK, }

**TO SCULPTORS.**—ART-UNION OF LONDON.—The COMMITTEE beg leave to notify that they will be ready to purchase, for THIRTY POUNDS, a Figure or Group, 15 inches high, calculated for being cast in Bronze, carefully finished off in Plaster, and exhibited at one of the Metropolitan Exhibitions for 1843.  
A Trafalgar-square, GEO. GODWIN, Jun. } Hon. Secs.  
11th Oct. 1842. LEWIS POCOCK, }

**CONCHOLOGY.**—LOVELL REEVE respectfully invites the attention of Amateurs to his interesting Collection of SHELLS now selling at very reduced prices. He has a man residing in the country may have any quantity of Shells forwarded on application, catalogued and priced, to examine and select from at leisure.

**CONCHOLOGIA SYSTEMATICA;** or, Complete System of Conchology. Part XI., price 21s. coloured, 12s. plain, is now ready for delivery. Part XII., in course of preparation, will conclude the entire work, in two thick quarto volumes, illustrated with above 1600 Figures of Shells. The first plates are elaborately engraved of the Mollusca and their Shells in the literature of this country.

**CONCHOLOGIA ICONICA,** a new and complete Repository of Species, Pictorial and Descriptive, is now preparing for publication (under the immediate patronage and assistance of the leading collectors), upon a new and improved principle of Lithography, quite unprecedented for its economy, rapidity, and fidelity of execution. No. 1. will be delivered on the first Saturday in the ensuing year, and the publication is to be continued weekly. Each Number will consist of three quarto plates of Shells, accompanied with a descriptive text, and put in the very first style. Price 2s. 6d. coloured, and 1s. plain. Gentlemen desirous of securing first impressions, should apply as early as possible.

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LAW, or Others, desiring the ability to transcribe Lectures, Speeches, Sermons, &c. during their delivery, are invited to acquaint themselves with the practical advantages of the Ideographic System.—A short short-hand... it well deserves attention. 'Literary Gazette.'—'Of excellent simplicity.' Monthly Repository.—Apply to Mr. Templeman, Bookseller, 248, Illegent-street (a few doors from Oxford-street).

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Address (post paid) to S. F. A. care of Messrs. Cox, 138, St. Thomas's-street, Southwark.

**Sales by Auction.**  
**BOOKS IN QUIRES, STEREOTYPE PLATES, ETC.**  
Mr. L. A. LEWIS will SELL BY AUCTION, at his House, 125, Fleet-street, THIS DAY, 15th, MONDAY, 16th, and TUESDAY, 17th, inst., at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon, the following:—  
**BOOKS, including Pincock's Guide to Knowledge, 130,994 Numbers, with 372 Sheets of Stereotype Plates, and 308 Wood-blocks—Wars of Europe, 45,219 Numbers, with 65 Sheets of Stereotype Plates, and 156 Wood-blocks—Valpy's Family Classical Library, 10,000 Volumes—Scottish Pulpit, 5 vols. 8vo. 275 Copies—Quantities of Books in Quires—Prints—Printing Presses—Copperplate Printing Press; &c.**  
**MEDICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.**  
Mr. L. A. LEWIS will SELL, on THURSDAY, 20th, inst., at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon, the following:—  
**GUTHRIE on Gun-shot Wounds, 270 Copies—Hooper's Medical Dictionary, 30 Copies—Cooper's First Lines of Surgery, 30 Copies—Denman's Midwifery, 30 Copies—Fox on the Venereal Disease, 40 Copies—The Elements of Pharmacopoeia, 100 Copies—Majendie's Formulary of New Remedies, 25 Copies—Memoirs of Madame Laffarge, 3 vols. 150 Copies—Miscellaneous Books in quires, boards, and bound.**

**MR. D. A. TALBOYS' STOCK OF BOOKS.**  
Mr. L. A. LEWIS will SELL, on MONDAY, 24th, and 11 following, at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon, the following:—  
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Mr. GREENLAND will SELL BY AUCTION, at his Rooms, 3, Foultry, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, the 20th and 21st October, 1842, at 12 o'clock, the following:—  
**A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL BOOKS, BOOKS OF PRINTS, &c. &c.—IN FOLIO: B. B. Political Sketches, 6 vols.—Nash's Mansions, 3 vols.—Boydell's Shakespeare, 4 vols.—Bayle's Dictionary, 10 vols.—Melancthon's Opera, 4 vols.—QUARTO: Encyclopædia Metropolitana, 5 vols.—Rees's Cyclopædia, 45 vols.—Forbes' Oriental Memoirs, 4 vols.—County Histories of Devon, 4 vols.—History of Europe, 10 vols.—Waverley Novels, 4 vols.—Universal History, 6 vols.—The Works of Swift, 19 vols.—Pope, 2 vols.—Fleissner's 8 vols.—Jeremy Taylor, 12 vols.—Massieu, 6 vols.—Bloomfield's Norfolk, 11 vols.—Pictorial Shakespeare, 6 vols. 6 copies, new cloth—Bible, 10 vols. folio, illustrated with 2373 Engravings, cost upwards of 700 guineas.**

**ROYAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA,**  
2, Moorgate-street, London.  
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J. W. Sutherland, Esq. Vice-Chairman.  
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The Directors grant Letters of Credit and Bills at 30 days' sight, on Sydney and Launceston, free of charge. Bills transmitted for collection.  
By order of the Board, G. H. WRAY, Manager.  
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**THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**—Edinburgh, 3, George-street. London, 32, Lombard-street. A SPECIAL NOTICE.

It being of importance to parties effecting Assurances to be aware of the benefits to be derived by making their proposals at the most advantageous period, the Directors beg to intimate that all policies opened in the Participation Scheme

BEFORE 15th NOVEMBER NEXT, will secure the advantage of the year's entry in ranking for their share of the profits at the approaching investigation in 1845, and at the future Quinquennial Divisions.

**EXAMPLES OF BONDS ADDITIONS:—**  
£1,000, assured in 1825, increased, in 1840, to £1,337 10  
£1,000, assured in 1836, increased, in 1840, to 1,312 10  
£1,000, assured in 1827, increased, in 1840, to 1,287 10

(Other sums in proportion.)  
Being the largest vested bonus declared by any Scottish office upon such policies. Later policies have also large additions. The mode of division is similar to that acted upon by the Equitable Society of London, in the case of its privileged policies.

PETER SWAIT, Resident Secretary, 32, Lombard-street.

**NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,** for granting Life Assurances, Deferred Annuities, &c. &c. &c. Capital, 500,000l.—Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.  
Directors—T. LAMIE MURRAY, Esq. Chairman.  
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John Griffiths Frith, Esq. John Riddle Stodart, Esq.  
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Actuary—W. S. B. Woodhouse, Esq. F.R.S.  
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Solicitors—Messrs. Sweet, Sutton, Ewens and O'Monney.  
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The most rational motives to Life Assurance are found in the plan adopted by this Society, viz. joined to a secure provision for the inheritance of the assured, the Society adds an annuity to the assured himself (proportioned to previous payments) in the event of unforeseen reverses. Annual division of profits.  
F. FERGUSON CAMROUX, Secretary.

**PELICAN LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES.**  
70, Lombard-street, and 57, Charing-cross.—Established 1827.  
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Sir William Curtis, Bart. C. H. Turner, Esq.  
William Davis, Esq. C. Hampden Turner, Esq.  
J. A. Gordon, Esq. M.D. F.R.S. Matthew Whiting, Esq.

The attention of the Public is directed to the very Moderate Rates now charged by this Company, which are founded upon Tables verified by the actual experience of the office for upwards of forty years.  
Insurances may be effected with the Company on the Return or Non-Return System.

The Assured in the Pelican Office are not, as in mutual Assurance Societies, exposed to the liabilities of partnership; and even in the event of a mortality occurring beyond that on which the Office are founded, the Assured with this Company can suffer no loss, possessing the guarantee of a large paid-up Capital, and the further security of a responsible body of Proprietors, distinct from the Assured.  
Every instant and every insurance obtained on application at the Offices as above, or to the Agents of the Company appointed in every Part of the Kingdom.

**VICTORIA LIFE ASSURANCE AND LOAN COMPANY, No. 18, King William-street, City.**  
Trustees—  
Sir Jas. Duke, Ald. M.P. Chair.—Benj. Hawes, Esq. Dep. Chair.—  
Benjamin Barnard, Esq. Charles Baldwin, Esq.  
Solicitor—John Curtis, Esq. 80, Basinghall-street.

The principle of this Company is to allow to each Assurer such reasonable advantages as may be secured by his views. Thus, parties Assuring the Lives of others, may make their Policies secure, notwithstanding the Life Assured may go out of the limits of Europe, without the necessary permission of the Directors having been previously obtained. Credit of half the Premiums for the first five years, allowed on Policies effected for the whole term of Life. Parties who have been Assured for five years will be allowed to borrow on the Security of their Policies, a sum equal to one-half the Premiums paid, less that for the first year. Advances are made to Parties Assured in the Office, on real or undoubted Personal Security, for terms not exceeding three years, repayable by Instalments. Premiums moderate. Participation in Profits. Detailed Prospectus may be obtained on application at the Office, or by letter addressed to the Secretary, WILLIAM RATHAY, Actuary and Sec.

**NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.**  
Enrolled under Acts of Parliament relating to Friendly Societies for MUTUAL ASSURANCE OF MEMBERS, ENJOYMENTS, and ANNUITIES, 13, Nicholas-lane, King William-street, London.  
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Members whose Premiums became due the 1st instant, are reminded that the same must be paid within Thirty days from that time.

Among the privileges to be derived by effecting Assurances in this Institution, is that of Members being able to secure the benefit of their Policies to Nominees, free of any charge. The whole of the Profits are divided among the Members.

Prospectuses, together with the Report for the Sixth Annual Meeting of Members, held the 15th December last, and every other information may be obtained on application at the Office, or of the Agents and Medical Referees in the Country.

London, 15th Oct. 1842. JOSEPH MAISH, Sec.

**PATENT LEVER TRUSSES** for RUPTURES, the simplest and most effective mechanical contrivance ever invented for the support and cure of visceral protrusions of all kinds; confined to a light elastic pad and an attached lever, and not more cumbersome than the simplest form of bandage, the full advantages without any of the inconveniences of the ordinary steel trusses are derivable from their use. In their close application to the body they cannot be detected on the person of the wearer. To be had of the patentee's agent, Mr. White, Chemist, 228, Piccadilly. A descriptive Circular, with drawings, will be sent to any part of the Kingdom.

**SCOTTISH UNION FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**, instituted 1824, and incorporated by Royal Charter. London Offices, 409, West Strand, and 78, King William-street, City.

The additions made to the Life Policies granted by this Corporation for the last seven years, vary from 41 to 65 per cent. on the premium paid, and average 14 per cent. on the sums assured—a result, it is believed, more favourable than any other Company has hitherto accomplished, when the low rates of premium charged by this Corporation are taken into consideration.

Profit Policy No.	Issued in	Sum Assured.	Total Sum now payable in the event of death.
813	July, 1834	£4000	£4617 3 0
1090	April, 1835	5000	5653 10 0
1153	Nov. 1835	5000	5572 0 0
1237	March, 1836	5000	5508 17 6

Table exhibiting the Additions declared upon Policies for 1,000, each, which have been in existence for seven complete years.

Age when Assured	Sum Assured.	Addition.	Total Sum now payable in the event of death.
30	£1000	£133 7 6	£1133 7 6
35	1000	133 10 0	1133 10 0
40	1000	138 15 6	1138 15 6
45	1000	142 9 0	1142 9 0
50	1000	148 17 6	1148 17 6

Thus averaging 14 per cent. in seven years on the sums assured. The next division will take place in December, 1846.

**FIRE INSURANCES** effected at the usual reduced rates, and policies may be transferred to this Office without extra charge, and on terms very favourable to the assured.

Special risks reasonably rated.

Tables of rates, and every information, may be had at the Company's Office; or of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

409, West Strand, London. F. G. SMITH, Secretary.

**THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY**, 37, Old Jewry, London. Established 1834.

Directors—S. Adams Beck, Esq., James Burchell, Esq., John Clayton, Esq., Solomon Cohen, Esq., John Cole, Esq., Sir Charles Douglas, M.P., R. Gordon, Esq., M.A., Q.C., M.C., Capt. Sir P. Green, R.N., K.C.H., Trustees—Samuel Arbouin, Esq., John Clarke, Esq., Secretary—Peter Hardy, Esq., F.R.S.

The First Great Division of the Profits of the Mutual Life Assurance Society will take place on 31st of December, 1842.

In the meantime the Directors have caused an estimate to be made of the probable result on a few policies effected at different ages in the year 1834; the calculation being founded on the accounts made up to the 31st of December, 1841.

Age at Admission.	Sum Assured.	Annual Premium.	Amount of Bonus.
15	£1000	£17 10 0	£100 0 0
21	500	9 12 6	52 0 0
25	1000	24 0 0	113 8 0
32	1500	43 1 3	192 0 0
42	2000	71 12 4	262 0 0
47	2500	82 11 8	301 14 0

These results take no credit for any part of the profits of the year 1842. The divisions of the Society will take place on the 31st of December in each year, and every Policy of one entire year's standing will be entitled to participate proportionately in all the divisions succeeding the completion of its first year. Every person assured with the Society is entitled to attend and vote at all the General Meetings, and to investigate for himself the accuracy of the Society's accounts.

By order of the Board, PETER HARDY, Actuary.

**ROCK LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY**, 14, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, London.

Directors—Adolphus Pugh Johnson, Esq., Chairman. Robert Small, Esq., Deputy Chairman.

Thomas Allan, Esq., William Borradaile, Esq., James Cousins, Esq., Richard Peckover, Esq., Thomas Hoblyn, Esq., James Horne, Esq., Robert Hudson, Esq., Joseph Jackson, Esq., John Dorrien Magens, Esq., John Richard Baker, Esq., Sir Thomas Neave, Bart., Richard Price, Esq., Alfred Thorp, Esq., Henry Tritton, Esq., Thomas Francis Wilson, Esq.

Magens Dorrien Magens, Esq., Adolphus Pugh Johnson, Esq., William Masterman, Esq., James Innes, Esq., Thomas Hayter Longden, Esq., Chas. Palmer Dimond, Esq.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the books of this Company will be open for the transfer of Shares on the 14th inst.; and that a dividend on the same for the present year will then be payable, and every day after, between the hours of 10 and 4.

This Company was established in the year 1806. It consists of a numerous body of Proprietors, each of whom is bound to keep on foot an assurance, according to the number of his shares in its capital stock amounting now to nearly One Million, actually invested in the public stocks of Great Britain, or laid out on the mortgage of real estates; which, with above Two Millions more, invested in the same way, account of the Assurance Fund, making together Three Millions, forms the security possessed by the Company for the discharge of its engagements.

A dividend is declared annually amongst the Proprietors out of the subscription capital stock; which, for the present year, amounts to 4s. per share, being at the rate of 40 per cent. on the sum originally subscribed.

Besides this, a bonus on the policies is declared every seven years out of the assurance fund; in which the Assured for the whole term of life, whether Proprietors or Non-proprietors, participate, according to the amount and standing of their respective policies. By means of the several additions that have been made to them up to the 20th August, 1840, such policies as were taken out when the Company was first established, are now payable to an amount exceeding two-thirds of the sum which they were granted—thus making, in the case of those policies, more than 200 per cent. payable for every 100l. originally assured; and so in proportion with regard to the other policies, as shown in a Table to be procured at the Office.

Proposals for Assurance are received daily from Proprietors and others; and policies granted to the latter will entitle them at any time afterwards to hold shares, so as to partake of the full benefits of the Institution.

By order of the Court of Directors, W. S. LEWIS, Actuary.

6th October, 1842.

## ARGUS LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

29, Throgmorton-street, Bank. Empowered by special Act of Parliament. Thomas Farncomb, Esq., Alderman, Chairman. William Leaf, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

Physician—Dr. Jeaffreson, 2, Finchbury-square. Surgeon—W. Coulson, Esq., 2, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. Consulting Actuary—Professor Hall, of King's College.

In addition to the subscribed Capital of 300,000l., the assured have the security of the Company's Income of upwards of 30,000l. per annum, yearly increasing, and an accumulating Assurance Fund invested in the most secure and available Securities, of considerably larger amount than the estimated liabilities of the Company.

The Rates of Premium are reduced to the lowest scale compatible with the safety of the Assured and the stability of the Company, thereby, in effect, giving to every policy-holder an immediate and certain bonus without risk, in lieu of the deferred and frequently delusive prospect of a periodical division of profits.

Annual Premium to Assure £100.

Age.	For One Year.	For Seven Years.	Term of Life.
25	£12 7 6	£19 7 6	£115 10 0
30	13 1 3	19 10 0	119 10 0
45	17 8 0	110 0 0	3 4 7
50	13 13 6	10 0 0	3 10 3
60	3 1 1	3 15 5	0 9 0

In Assurances for advances of money, as security for debts, or as a provision for a family, when the least present outlay is desirable, the varied and comprehensive Tables of the Argus Office will be found to be particularly favourable to the assured.

A Board of Directors, with the Medical Officers, attend daily. EDWARD BATES, Resident Director.

A Liberal Commission to Solicitors and Agents.

## UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, s, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London.

Division of Profits among the Assured.

Honorary Directors: Earl of Errol, Earl of Courtown, Earl Leven and Melville, Earl of North, Earl of Stair.

Directors: Jas. Stuart, Esq., Chairman; H. De Castro, Esq., Deputy Chairman. Samuel Anderson, Esq., Charles Graham, Esq., Hamilton Blair Arner, Esq., F. Charles Maitland, Esq., R. Boyd, Esq., F. James, Esq., F. Lennox Boyd, Esq., F. Hamilton, Esq., F. H. Thomson, Esq., Charles Downes, Esq.

Secretary—Patrick Macintyre, Esq.

This Company, established by Act of Parliament, affords the most perfect security in an ample paid-up Capital, and in the great success which has attended it since its commencement in 1834. In 1841, the Company declared an addition to the Shareholders of one-half of their Stock, and also added 2l. per cent. per annum, from the date of the policies to those parties who had insured with profits. The premiums, nevertheless, are on the most moderate scale, and only a moiety need be paid for the first five years, where the insurance is for life.

The amount of bonus added to policies since the commencement of the Company in March 1834, to the 31st Dec. 1840, is as follows:

Sum Assured.	Time Assured.	Sum added to Policy.
£2000	6 Years to 10 Months	£136 15 4
1000	4 Years	80 0 0
1000	3 Years	60 0 0
1000	1 Year	20 0 0

Every information will be afforded on application to the Resident Directors, Edward Boyd, Esq., and E. Lennox Boyd, Esq., of No. 8, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London.

Frederick Hale Thompson, Esq., Surgeon, 48, Berners-street, attends at the Office daily, about half-past Two o'clock.

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8, New Burlington-street, October 15, 1842.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1842.

## REVIEWS

*Fools and Jesters; with a reprint of Robert Armin's Nest of Ninnies.* 1608. Printed for the Shakespeare Society.

THE initials J. P. C. affixed to an introduction to this tract, inform us that we are indebted to Mr. Collier for its resuscitation. The original, preserved in the Bodleian Library, was the only copy of the work known to be extant; and we agree with the editor, that even had it been "of less value than it really possesses, as a curious picture of manners towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth and the beginning of that of James I." it was right to reprint it, "in order to place it beyond the possibility of destruction." Mr. Collier notices in another place the strange havoc that has been made by the lapse of time amongst the lighter literature of the Shakspearian age. "By far the greater part of the ephemeral literature of that period has perished. It was not usually in a form calculated for preservation; and even where it assumed a more respectable and permanent shape, as in the tract hereafter reprinted, it was so handed about from one reader to another, and so carelessly and uncere- moniously treated by all readers, that it is almost a wonder that a single copy has descended to us." The tendency of the progress of civilization in general is to diminish the destructive force of time, and ensure all the works of human genius or industry a protracted term of existence; but there seems no limit to our power of arresting the mortality of the monuments of letters. The press contains an elixir of life; the lease of a book is renewable for ever; just as the term is expiring, and the last mouldering copy extant is about to drop from the shelf, and become as the lost decads of Livy, or books of Tacitus, a timely reprint snatches it from oblivion, and the aged quarto of the Bodleian beholds itself, "in the sere and yellow leaf," the father of a young progeny and line of representatives, in all the bloom of a new edition, and all the lustre of modern typography. The statutes of our collegiate libraries may insure their precious stores against the ravages of fire, and the vigilance of curators may protect them from the hands of the spoiler; but these are perilous securities for such a treasure as the last exemplar of a curious book; and, as it is with men themselves, the only way to preserve is to multiply. The tract before us had certainly claims to have a new life conferred upon it by the Shakespeare Society, not only because its author was one of the original actors of Shakspeare's plays, but as the only one in our language "that treats distinctly of such a subject, and of such persons as the domestic fools and jesters of a period when they began to receive less encouragement than they had experienced in times of greater ignorance and barbarism."

Mr. Collier thus states the immediate causes to which we are to refer that singular household institution of our ancestors—the domestic fool:

"The entertainment of this class of persons in private families seems to have originated mainly in two causes: one of these was, that the care and custody of idiots was of old assigned to individuals as a source of emolument, the latter having the control and management of the estates of the former: another cause was, perhaps, the natural weakness of our nature, which, when any species of learning was rare acquisition, and when intellectual abilities were less prized and cultivated, sought to place itself in contrast with those who would show off to advantage even the smallest acquirements, and the most moderate talents. This consideration will account for the ancient familiarity of great men, even of kings and princes, with their fools or jesters, and for the

introduction of them at their tables, on the most solemn, as well as on the most festive occasions. It has been ascertained, and requires no proof here, that such was the case of old, not merely in England, but in most other countries of Europe."

There is no doubt, however, that the protection and considerate care of this unfortunate variety of the human species had its origin rather in a feeling of reverence than of ridicule and contempt. The character of idiocy is near akin to the state of mind in which the Brachmans placed the perfection of human nature. According to those Indian philosophers (from whom the Quietists borrowed their dreamy system), a profound drowsiness of the mind, and continual suspension of all the intellectual and sensual functions, constitute the supreme happiness and exaltation of man. They even went the length of maintaining, that, in this condition of the faculties, he puts on a divine nature, and perfectly resembles the god Fo, whose name is curiously like Fool. We shall not affirm that the superstitious respect paid by the Turks and other half-civilized Oriental nations, to crazy people and idiots, is derived from the doctrines of the Brachmans; but the superstition, be its source what it may, prevails extensively in the East, as the accounts of numerous travellers and historians might be adduced to prove. There is an instance of the same singular popular delusion in the romantic history of Rome, the great soothsayer Faunus, the son of Picus, having been called by the Latins *Fatuus*. The reader will probably recollect the train of reasoning by which Rabelais wittily establishes the claims of fools to transcendent enlightenment of understanding, and particularly to the gift of vaticination. "As he (says Pantagruel to Panurge, where he urges him to take counsel of the fool Triboulet,) who narrowly takes heed to what concerns the dexterous management of his private affairs, and those matters which are confined within the straitlaced compass of one family, who is attentive, active, and vigilant, in the economic rule of his own house, who loses no occasion whereby he may purchase to himself more riches, and build up new heaps of treasure on his former wealth, is called a worldly-wise man, though perhaps in the judgment of the intelligences above he be esteemed a fool; so, on the contrary, he is most like to be not only sage, but to presage events to come, who, laying quite aside those cares which are conducive to his body or his fortunes, and, as it were departing from himself, rids all his senses of terrene affections, and clears his fancies of all those plodding studies which harbour in the minds of thriving men; all which neglects of sublunary things are vulgarly imputed to folly."† Then there follows an enormous catalogue of fools, extending to no fewer than two hundred and sixty-three varieties, amongst which we find both the "domestic" fool and the "ninny," although Robert Armin employs the terms as synonymous.

The idea of this little tract of Armin is in conformity with the notion that philosophers might occasionally wear with propriety the fool's motley-coat, and the fool put on the mantle of the philosopher. In fact, it is the maxim attributed to Quinapulus in the Twelfth Night,—"better a witty fool than a foolish wit." The World one day goes a-gadding, "away she flings, and whither think you?"

† Plato, in *Timæus*, reasons in nearly the same strain, and possibly suggested the argument of Rabelais. Plato maintains that "the gift of prophecy being above our reach, we must be out of our senses when we meddle with it, and our prudence must be clouded either by sleep, or some disease, or lifted from its place by some celestial rapture." The allusion to *disease* as a state of body apt for the reception of prophetic impulse, is the germ of the mesmeric system and its epileptic soothsayers.

Not to the Law, that was too loud—  
Not to the Church, that was too proud.  
Not to the Court, that was too stately—  
Not to the Citty, she was there lately.  
Nor to the Camp, that was too keen—  
No, nor to the Country, where seldom seen.

"She daines her a friendly eye; but of all into a Philosopher's cell." This philosopher is named Sotto, and very properly, because he is "a grumbling Sir, always poking at fortune with his forefinger." He possesses "a glass prospective," in which he sees the follies of all men but himself, and he invites the World to a peep into it, when the Nest of Ninnies passes in review before her, Sotto giving the history and adventures of each, and winding up with moral applications, tending to show that there is no folly committed by professed fools that has not its parallel amongst those who think themselves wise fellows. The ninnies are real characters in some instances, and the author seems to have been an eye-witness of some of the absurd pranks and adventures which he relates. Mr. Collier thinks it extremely probable that Armin himself saw the remarkable scenes he describes at Edinburgh, in which King James and the fool Jemy Camber were concerned. Jemy Camber is described in what Armin calls "meeter;" and we were tempted to quote the lines as a specimen of the sort of verse which probably suggested to his contemporary Shakspeare the apt image of "a dry wheel grating on the axletree."

There are several anecdotes of Jack Oates, a capital specimen of the domestic fool, retained in the family of Sir William Hollis. We quote the following as a curious instance of the annoyances which families of that period submitted to, for the sake of the coarse enjoyment which the exhibition of idiot pranks afforded them:—

"Jack Oates could neuer abide the cooke, by reason that he would scald him out of the kitchen. Upon a time he had a great charge from his Lady to make her a quince pie of purpose for Sir Williams owne eating, which the cooke endeoured to doe, and sent to Lincolne of purpose to the apothecaries for choyse quinces. Jack, being at this charge giuen thought to be euen with the cooke, and waited the time when this Pie was made. \* \* The day drew on, and the gentiles were come, and all was in a redinesse, and still Jack forgot not the pie, but stood faintly sicke, and refused his meate: the knight, sory that his best dish fayled him, made no small account of his well fare, aske him, Jack, sayes hee, where lies thy paine? In my mouth, sayes hee (meaning, indeede, his mouth hung for the quince pie). A barber was sent for from a market towne hard by, who searcht his mouth, and could finde no cause of paine: but Sir William, thinking the foole wanted wit to tell his griefe (though not wit to play the thiefe) had the barber depart, asking Jacke what he would eate? he sayd, nothing. What he would drinke? he sayd, nothing; which made Sir William doubt much of his health, refusing his liquour when it was usually his practice, and the knight joyed in it too: askit him if he would lie downe? still answering no, but would stand by the kitchen fire. The knight, that never came thore but he did some exployte, forgetting that, led him by the hand (so much he made of him) and bad the cooke see he wanted nothing. Jack, standing still, groan'd and sayd, if he dyed, he would forgiue all the world but the cooke. Hang, foole, (sayes the cooke) I care not for thee: die to-morrow if thou wilt, and so followed his business. They knockt to the dresser, and the dinner went up. Jack had a sheepees eye in the oven: anone the second course came, the pie was drawne, set by, and among other backt meates was to be sent up; but, wanting sugar, stept aside to the spicerie to fetch it; and Jack, in the meantime, catcheth the pie and claps it under his coate, and so runs through the hall into the yard, where there was a broad moate: and, as he ran, the hot pie burned his belly. I, sayes Jack, are ye so hot, Sir Willies pie? Ile quence ye anone Sir Willies pie, sayes he; and straight, very subtilly, leapes into the moate up to the arm-pits, and there stood eating the pie. The cooke comes in, misses the pie, withal

misses Jack, cries out, The pie! Sir Williams pie was gone, the author of that feast was gone, and they all were undone. A hurly burly went through the house, and one comes and whispers the lady with the news: she tells Sir William how Jack Oates had stolen the pie. Jack was searcht for, and anon found in the moate. It was told the knight where the foole was eating it. Gentlemen (quoth he) we are dis-furnished of our feast; for Jack, my foole, is in my moate, up to the arme-pits, eating of the pie. They laught, and ran to the windows to see the jest: then they might see Jack eate, the cooke call, the people hallow, but to no purpose. Jack fed, and feeding greedily, (more to anger the cooke, than disapoint Sir William) ever as he burnt his mouth with hast, dipt the pie in the water to coole it. O! says the cooke, it is Sir William's own pie, sirra. O! says Jack hang thee and Sir Willy too: I care not; it is mine now. Save Sir William some, says one; save my lady some, says another. By James, not a bit, says Jack; and ate up all, to the wonder of the beholders, who never knew him eate so much before, but drink ten times more."

The fondness of Henry VIII. for fools and jesters is well known; but the memory of Will Somers has alone survived, and the editor suggests that he owes his fame rather to the uniform good-nature with which he employed his influence over bluff Harry, than to his wit or folly. Armin records the following curious display of Somers's humour, at the expense of a no less eminent personage than Cardinal Wolsey:—

"Of a time appointed the king dined at Windsor, in the chappel yard at Cardinall Wolsey's, at the same time when he was building that admirable worke of his tombe: at whose gate stode a number of poore people, to be serued with alms when dinnes was done within; and, as Will passed by, they saluted him, taking him for a worthy personage, which pleased him. In he comes, and finding the king at dinner, and the cardinall by attending, to disgrace him that he neuer loued, Harry, says hee, lend me ten pound. What to doe? saies the king. To pay three or foure of the cardinall's creditors, quoth hee, to whom my word is past, and they are come now for the money. That thou shalt, Will, quoth hee. Creditors of mine? saies the cardinall: Ile give you grace my head if any man can justly aske me a penny. No! saies Will. Lend me ten pounds; if I pay it not where thou owest it, Ile give thee twenty for it. Do so, saies the king. That I will, my liege, saies the cardinall, though I know I owe none. With that he lends Will ten pounds. Will goes to the gate, distributes it to the poore, and brought the empty bag. There is thy bag againe, saies hee: thy creditors are satisfied, and my word out of danger. Who received? saies the king; the brewer or the baker? Neyther (Harry), saies Will Sommers. But, cardinall, answer me one thing: to whom dost thou owe thy soule? To God, quoth hee. To whom thy wealth! To the poore, saies hee. Take thy forfeit (Harry) saies the foole; open confession, open penance: his head is thine, for to the poore at the gate I paid his debt, which hee yeelds is due: or if thy stony heart will not yeeld it so, saue thy head by denying thy word, and lend it me: thou knowest I am poore, and haue neyther wealth nor wit, and what thou lendest to the poore God will pay thee ten fold; he is my surety—arrest him—for, by my troth, hang mee when I pay thee. The king laught at the jest, and so did the cardinall for a show, but it grieved him to jest away ten pound so: yet worse tricks than this Will Sommers serued him after, for indeede hee could neuer abide him, and the forfeiture of his head had liked to haue bene payed, had hee not poisoned himselfe."

Mr. Thoms, who has contributed some ingenious notes to the illustration of this tract, observes that this was probably the same fool who, congratulating the Cardinal upon receiving that dignity, expressed a wish that he might soon see him Pope. Why so? inquired the Cardinal. "Marry," replied he, "St. Peter, who was a fisherman, instituted fasts, that fish might fetch a better price; and since your Eminence was bred a butcher, you would, no doubt, order us

to eat meat instead of fish, for the sake of your trade." Hits so severe at great churchmen and magnificos, prove that the wit of Will Somers was of a singularly unworldly character. It is not often we read of a courtier so bitter with bishops, and so benevolent to beggars. We are disposed to except him from the Nest of Ninnies.

#### *A Visit to Italy.* By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. Bentley.

WHEN, years ago, Walter Scott, according to his brother-poet, travelled up to town from Scotland, "doing all the gentlemen's seats by the way," the work so attributed to him, of which 'Rokeby' was a volume, held out the promise of an introduction to customs and costumes, with which the public of that day had little or no familiarity. The hint of a professional progress, of this particular kind, Mrs. Trollope seems to have adopted. Having started in America, where the comparative newness of the soil yielded observations racy and picturesque enough—and which the lively fancy and unhesitating temper of the observer rendered yet more so—the success of her first publication sent her, pen-in-hand, through the great and well-trodden capitals of Europe; and it is not unfair to conjecture that a portion of the civilities which a lady so armed has everywhere received, (and of which her vanity tempts her to make a display), may be attributed to the knowledge of her purpose and her power. People whose happiness, to any great extent, dependent on cosmetics and millinery, cannot afford to make an enemy of one who will count the "holes in their coats," and the warts on their faces; and as, after the Londonderry fashion, those who are more than commonly courteous to Mrs. Trollope, rarely fail to receive a return in kind, in her pages, it is probable that she may be enabled, with perfect comfort to herself, to push her trading expedition from Lisbon to St. Petersburg, and from the shores of the Mediterranean, to which we are now following her, to Copenhagen. As a commercial speculation, however, we doubt the success of her undertaking. The tailoring becomes too apparent. Her literary measure, adapted to the rough and salient forms of American life and scenery, is not fine enough to appreciate the consummate forms and their delicate accentuations, amongst which she is getting. The more beaten the ground on which she travels, the less becomes Mrs. Trollope's power to extract amusement from it,—in a degree far beyond what is accounted for by the mere fact of its having been so often surveyed before. Italy is an exhaustless field, yielding up its buried fragments of the past to every new excavator, and its hidden lessons and quaint speculations to all travellers who visit it fitly furnished for such discoveries. Its mere highways are all long since mapped out and familiarly known; and into its churches and picture-galleries we have followed too many cataloguers and critics already, to leave it needful or desirable that we should waste our time in following thither such a guide as Mrs. Trollope. We seek from her those original and amusing views which made the success of her first publication, and find fewer of them in this her last, than in any which has preceded it. This time we apprehend that she will disappoint her friends: the mischievous characteristics of her earlier works are here greatly mitigated; and the concurrent diminution of talent will probably force upon them an inference not favourable to its quality, in that higher sense to which it is her sex's merit, for the most part, to aspire. Still her faults and her weaknesses are sufficiently represented in these volumes for identity. Our readers know that the manner in which Mrs. Trollope was shocked by the vulgarisms of American life, gave her a great repu-

tation with herself, and thinkers of a certain class, for refinement; and they will remember how superfine she had, in consequence, become by the time she reached Vienna. In Italy, too, she is very fine,—and very vulgar, according to another code, which is ours. Particularly anxious she is to call attention to the fact of her presence at the Duke of Lucca's card-table, though very fearful "lest the flattering partiality shown to our countrymen," in other instances, "should lead to the reception of persons not precisely suited to the circle of a Bourbon descendant of fifty kings"! And the readers of the *Athenæum* may guess what sort of information they are likely to derive from a tourist in Italy, who, being exceedingly desirous to see the Boboli gardens, abandons the hope because there is only one day in the week on which it is *fashionable* to visit them, and *that* day she fears she may fail to command:—

"On leaving the palace, we made an ignorant attempt to enter the Boboli gardens, which stretch out most magnificently behind it, and which, from the glimpse we got from the windows, appear to be very beautiful in all ways. But as to-day is neither Sunday nor Thursday, our attempt was met by a civil, but very decided, refusal from the military guard stationed at the gate. This restriction is the more vexatious because it is exceedingly *mauvais ton*, as I am told, to appear there on the Sunday, the regular *endimanchés* taking entire possession of it; and a promenade limited to one day in the week, often remains long unvisited, from the difficulty of finding that one day unoccupied.... So the Boboli seems postponed pretty nearly *sine die*."

Mrs. Trollope has thought it right to take with her, as part of the necessary stock of an Italian traveller, a sort of enthusiasm, which we should not feel justified in exactly calling simulated, but which we may, at any rate, say is not that sort of enthusiasm which awakens enthusiasm as its echo. Much of the volumes is wasted in its formal displays, and much in a very tedious species of coquetting—an over-and-over-again repeated disclaimer of dealing with familiar subjects *because* of their familiarity, which takes more time than the discussion itself would, and is less amusing, however hackneyed might be the latter: add, that the smartness, hitherto Mrs. Trollope's best property, is in these volumes but an effort to be smart—a progeny most unlike its parent, and inheriting none of its popularity—that the style has more than its author's accustomed looseness and diffuseness; and our readers will not expect too much from these pages. Still, with all these drawbacks, Mrs. Trollope is not a writer to give the public a couple of volumes, from which something curious and something amusing cannot be gleaned; and having discharged our conscience by characterizing the volume generally, we will, as faithful caterers, confine our selections to the more pleasant portions, leaving Mrs. Trollope's common-places to the guardianship of her own rhapsodies, and following her only where she is reclaimed by nature, or gives her better sense fair play.

Mrs. Trollope passed into Italy by way of France; but we will first take her up at Turin, and the following hint may be useful to such of our readers as may be about to visit the picture galleries there:—

"Of the picture galleries of Turin I can tell you very little: it is not accounted rich in private collections; and as our stay in the town was to be but short, we gave up the idea of hunting them out. We found the royal collection, however, considerably richer than we expected, for I know no work on the subject in which it makes any great figure; but did it contain no other claim to notice than its Rembrandts and Vandykes, I should consider it a very precious gallery. One reason why it has not hitherto figured in books of travels to the extent which it now deserves, is easily explained by the fact that some of the most valuable paintings attached to the Sardinian



crown have been recently removed from Genoa to Turin.... And this fact is worth the attention of picture-loving travellers, not only to prevent their being disappointed when they arrive at Genoa, but also to prevent their overlooking well-known treasures which they expect to find there, while they are actually within their reach at Turin. One of these is the famous Paul Veronese, of the Magdalen at the feet of our Saviour."

There is truth, and smartness too, in the following:—

"Nothing in the general aspect of Turin struck me more forcibly than the very peculiarly quiet and orderly air of its inhabitants. In leaving London for Paris, one passes, by rather a violent transition, from among a quiet-looking population, all of whom, in their different stations, are clothed according to the custom of the age and country, to the midst of another population, where every individual (among the males, and excepting, perhaps, quite the higher classes,) seems to be habited as if he were preparing himself to enact a part in some melodramatic performance. Nay, I am not sure but that this *historique* population might answer this remark in the words of Hamlet, and exclaim—

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems;

for it is likely enough that these gentry, who, from their remarkable attire, contrive to make so conspicuous a feature in the French metropolis, may, in truth, be one and all actually preparing themselves to enact parts that have as little to do with the everyday business of ordinary life as any melodrama could furnish. But, be this as it may, the long beard, the fierce moustache, the lanky locks of some, the curly bush of others, and the dirty aspect of all... together with the strange varieties of hats, caps, jackets, and frocks, all speaking fearfully of some mysterious meaning, impress the mind of an English traveller with feelings half grave, half gay, and make him feel most thoroughly that he is not at home. Were the said English traveller, after gazing at this comical spectacle for a time, to turn his horses' heads whence they came, and hic him back again to London, he would feel in no way surprised at again finding himself among the sober realities of ordinary existence. But when, instead of this, he dashes on, on, on, farther and farther a-field, it does startle him to find himself suddenly in the midst of a population, in costume at least, if not in physiognomy, exceedingly like his own, and no more resembling in appearance the brilliant spirits of young France, than a sober doctor of laws does a rope-dancer. Such was the effect to me upon entering, or rather upon driving and walking through the streets of Turin.... I almost fancied I was surrounded by Englishmen.... Neither beards nor moustaches were to be seen; and instead of telegraphic hats, which announce across the whole Place Vendôme the approach of a republican, the most uniformly neat collection of ordinary-shaped beavers were walking about that I ever remember to have seen anywhere. Before we left Turin, however, we made acquaintance with a gentleman, to whom we ventured to communicate the above observation. 'Yes,' said he, 'the fact is exactly as you state it.... and it is by no means the effect of accident.' 'How?' said I.... 'do the men of Turin really pay us the compliment of wishing to imitate our national air?' 'No,' he replied, with a smile, 'it is not exactly that.... You are not aware, I perceive, that moustaches, beards, and bushy hair, are forbidden here by *state authority*; and a *jeune France* hat or froc, would be instantly attended to by the police.... Whether,' he added, 'the reform goes deeper than the skin I will not venture to say.... but, at any rate, one great object is gained, we look as little like *gamins de Paris* as possible.'"

We find nothing to detain us at Genoa; but on the road from Genoa to Pisa, she visits the marble quarries of Carrara, and they are thus described:—

"The appellation of 'Monte Sacro,' which is given to the towering point from whence the marble of the finest quality is taken, forcibly brings to mind all that the world owes to the beautiful material on which the poetry of sculptors has been written for ages, and which is found in such nearly unrivalled perfection beneath its rugged surface. The walk from the town to the point where the quarrying is now going on, passes

beside a little rivulet, on the banks of which sundry notes of statutory preparation may be heard. Huge shapeless blocks of marble are here reduced by sawing to the size and shape required to supply the orders received from artists. At the distance of about a mile from the town, the rough and rude ascent begins, which leads into the bowels of the Monte Sacro, and the heat of the sun was so tremendous, in a pass fearfully well sheltered from the air, and still more fearfully exposed to the then mid-day sun, that no feeling less strong than that produced by the wish of looking at the cradle in which Michael Angelo's offspring lay, before he began their education, could have led me, perhaps I might say, could have enabled me, to endure it."

After looking at the quarries with such recollections as may easily be imagined, and raised thereby my estimate of the power of man to pretty nearly the highest possible pitch, I turned to examine the mode in which the blocks of marble were conveyed down the descent which leads to the town of Carrara; the utter and entire ignorance of every species of mechanical aid, with which this process was effected appeared almost incredible, though there it was, going on before our eyes. In the first place, the approach to the quarry is among, and over, masses of marble rock, which the labour of a score of able-bodied men for a week or two would suffice to remove for ever and for ever, leaving free the access to this *tesoro sacro*, till the slow chisel had consumed the mighty mass. The way thus cleared, an iron rail of considerably less than a mile in length, would enable cars bearing the precious blocks, to be conveyed to the door of the sawing-mill, without difficulty or risk of any kind. Instead of this, however, this finest quarry of the world has its produce rattled down the descent, in a manner which perpetually causes the blocks to be broken; for, instead of its being an affair thus simple, it is now one of such difficulty and danger, that it is really terrible to behold. The carriage upon which the blocks are placed, is of very massive timber, rudely and very unartistically put together; to this six oxen are attached; but the number is reduced to two when the vehicle, as frequently happens, reaches some point of its progress at which it is rather permitted to drop down, than to be drawn. At these times the exertions of the men who have charge of the convoy are really frightful, and frequently attended with dreadful accidents. In order to prevent, or impede as much as may be, the violent fall of the vehicle from one mass of rock to another, they spring, at the most imminent risk to life and limb, from one part of the rude machine to another, in order either to produce a balance favourable to the manœuvre, or else to coerce the movements of the oxen, who are often brought into such positions as to render any ordinary mode of driving them impracticable. The barbarous ignorance with which all this brute force is required and applied, has something in it truly lamentable, and very directly suggests a doubt, whether the intact purity with which his highness of Modena labours to preserve his territory from all intercourse with other races of human beings, is calculated to produce benefit to those who have the honour of calling him lord. It appears utterly impossible that this Robinson Crusoe-like style of engineering could be persevered in, were less pains taken to keep intruding eyes and blabbing tongues from the district where it is carried on. To those who are aware how low the rate of wages is in that part of the world, it may convey some idea of the toil and difficulty of this work, to be told that the men so employed work but for four hours in the day, and the price they receive for this is the value of five francs. The appearance of the poor fellows, when thus employed, is really terrific.... The whole of the upper part of their bodies is without clothing, the skin the colour of bronze, and every muscle and every feature so distorted by the vehemence of the action they are using, as to make it exceedingly painful to watch them. \* \* I have been told since I arrived here, that we were lucky in having no impediment thrown in our way in making this excursion, for that the researches both of English and French travellers, were looked upon with rather a jealous eye by the authorities of Modena. We probably owed our exemption from any troublesome notice while on this interesting expedition, to the humble pedestrian style in which it was made. Had carriages, horses, and *laquais-de-place* been sum-

moned to our aid, it is likely enough that we might have met some impediment. They say that, not long ago, an English gentleman choosing, for some whim or other, to make a halt in the little town of Modena, received notice from the authorities that he was required to leave the territory within twenty-four hours. The *on-dit* is, that a rather flourishing pair of moustaches on the upper lip of the traveller occasioned the *sensation* which led to this notice; for that the duke of Modena, either in compliment to, or sympathy with his royal father-in-law, of Sardinia, has an aversion to the hirsute fashion of the present day, that equals his own. A sumptuary law in both countries, usually followed by summary execution of its shaving enactments, keeps the populace, for the most part, extremely clear and clean from this offence; but it is supposed that his Highness of Modena thought it wisest not to meddle with any part of the beard of an Englishman, and therefore, instead of shaving, sent him the message above quoted. Our countryman, however, took it in very good part, sending back his compliments in return, with an assurance, that as it would not take him above half an hour to reach the boundary of his Highness's dominions, he would not abuse the licence granted him, by lengthening his residence within them to the extended limit so graciously granted."

Notwithstanding Mrs. Trollope's assertion, that "an immense majority of the inferences which have been deduced by trotting travellers, from the aspect of the scenes through which they have passed, has been erroneous," we find little that claims to be original, throughout her volumes. The caustic spirit that ran riot amongst republicans, and wore all its cockneyisms unabashed, in the presence of a nation which appeared to it half savage, wanting the feathers and conventionalisms of the past, seems fettered by the presence of antiquity, and restrained by the weight of authority.

It appears, however, that Mrs. Trollope, with all her finery and prejudices, has brought away from the remote places of America, some recollections which she is not afraid to reproduce in the country of the Arts and Heraldry; and we doubt if she anywhere shows to greater advantage than in the following passages:—

"Rather more than ten years ago I became acquainted at Cincinnati, in Ohio, with a young man of the name of Powers: he was at that time an assistant to a Mons. Dorfeuille, the ingenious proprietor of a whimsical museum, in which curious objects of Natural History, North American antiquities, and historical groups of wax figures, were blended, and daily exhibited, for the amusement and edification of the *beau monde* of the western metropolis. The wax figures were moulded, or at any rate finished, by this young Mr. Powers; and there was a degree of talent displayed in this, that struck us all very forcibly, as being something greatly out of the common way. Encouraged, perhaps, by the opinions expressed by the European party, of his skill in modelling, he undertook a bust in such clay as he could find, and produced what struck us all as the most wonderfully-perfect likeness we had ever seen.... But we moved on, and heard no more of him.... A few days after we arrived in Florence, we were invited to visit the study of some of the most distinguished artists at present working there. 'A young American, called Powers,' was among the names first mentioned, and the instant I heard the name, I felt not the slightest doubt that by going to his studio I should meet my old acquaintance. Nor was I disappointed. There indeed I found the highly-gifted Hiram Powers, fully emerged from the boyish chrysalis state, in which I had last seen him, into a full-fledged and acknowledged man of genius, in high fashion, overwhelmed with orders from wealthy patrons of all quarters of the globe, and with his rooms filled with admirable busts, all of them with more of that magical air of life about them, which we see, and feel, in the works of the ancient sculptors, than any collection of modern marbles that I have ever visited. \* \* His busts are life-like to a degree that made me look at him with wonder. When we left him at Cincinnati he was a lad who had seen nothing of any art but the art Divine which had formed the living creatures

around him; and nothing but that intuitive faculty, without which, I presume, genius cannot exist, could have hurried him forward to the place he now holds among living artists. Having examined all he had to show me, with equal surprise and pleasure, I ventured to ask him if he had never tried his hand upon any ideal work. 'In marble?' he replied. 'Yes,' said I, 'some group, not merely consisting of a portrait, but something imaginative?' He shook his head. 'I am married, and have two children,' he said. 'For busts I have as many orders as I can execute.... I must not risk the loss of this lucrative business, in order to indulge myself in works of imagination.... If my success continue, I may, perhaps, in time, venture to attempt something of the kind.... But I cannot afford it yet.' 'But do you not sometimes imagine compositions?' said I. 'Do you not fancy things that you would like to execute?' 'Why, yes,' he replied, smiling. 'I certainly have fancied things that I should like to execute.... And I will show you one of them.' He then led the way to another room, and there, behind a screen, was a figure mounted on a pedestal, and I saw at once that it was a full length as large as life, though it was veiled from head to foot with a cloth. 'Here,' said he, pausing before he uncovered it, 'is a figure in clay, on which I have bestowed some labour, and more thought.... But I dare not do it in marble.... I dare not try my chisel upon it.... unless I could get an order for the statue.... and I cannot hope for that as yet.... I mean it as a representation of Eve.' He then withdrew the drapery that concealed it, and displayed an undraped female figure that I gazed upon with unfeigned astonishment. I have no words of art at my command which might enable you to conceive all the blended dignity and simplicity of this beautiful figure. In size, it is not beyond nature, but it is nature in very full perfection, and admirably well accords with the idea that it seems natural to conceive of the universal mother, and the model of woman, as she came from the hand of the Creator, before any accident of earth had tarnished her perfection. In her right hand she holds the fatal apple, and athwart the still heavenly composure of her fair face, one may trace a slight shade of incipient anxiety, just sufficient to make one feel that she is not divine, but human. But what struck me in the composition, still more than the grace and loveliness, was the almost severe simplicity with which it is conceived and executed. There is in it something that gave me the idea of the pride of genius, that could not stoop to borrow a charm from look, or attitude, but trusted all to beauty, and to truth alone. Powers watched, almost wholly in silence, the impression that his work made upon us; and when at length we turned away from it, he threw the veil again over it, saying, with something like a sigh.... 'I should like to do it.' Most heartily do I wish that some one may ere long look upon that Eve of clay with as sincere admiration as I did, and with money enough to boot, to command that she should immediately receive the immortality of marble.... for well does she deserve it!"

We have already hinted that, with Mrs. Trollope, all those who are fortunate enough to be swans, are of the very finest feather—she and her friends being thus made to balance, in her works, the ill-natured things which she has to say of everybody else. The lady is not without charities, but they begin at home, and she keeps them as much as she can in that neighbourhood. Here, however, is a real swan, of whom many of our readers will be glad to hear, giving life to what, with half the world of opera-goers, is but a tradition:—

"Instead of going as usual to the Cascina after dinner yesterday, I was taken a mile or two out of Florence to pay a visit from which I promised myself great pleasure, and received more.... I went to see Europe's umwhile wonder and delight, Madame Catalani Valabrique. She is residing in a very beautiful villa, which stands in the midst of an extensive *podere*, of which she is the owner. Nothing could be more amiable than the reception she gave us. I think, of all the nations who joined in the universal chorus in praise of her high character, her charming qualities, and her unequalled talent, she loves the

English best.... perhaps they best understand her worth; and the rare superiority of a mind that in the midst of flattery and adulation, which really seem to have known no limits, preserved all its simple purity and goodness unscathed. I was equally surprised and pleased to see to what an extraordinary degree she had preserved her beauty. Her eyes and teeth are still magnificent, and I am told that when seen in evening full dress by candle-light, no stranger can see her for the first time without inquiring who that charming-looking woman is. A multitude of well-behaved reasons would have prevented me, especially at this my first introduction, from naming the very vehement desire I felt once more to hear the notes of a voice that had so often enchanted me. Perhaps, if I had not seen her looking so marvellously young and handsome, the idea might neither have seized upon, nor tormented, me so strongly as it did; but as it was, I certainly never longed more, perhaps never so much, to hear her sing as I now did. Her charming daughter, Madame de V—, was sitting near me, and I think I ventured to ask her if her mother ever sang now. To which she most gaily and promptly answered in the affirmative.... and then.... what happened next I hardly know.... I am afraid that I must have said something about my secret longings.... for the daughter whispered a few words to the mother, and in a moment Madame Catalani was at the piano.... No, in her very best days, she never smiled a sweeter smile than she did then, as she prepared to comply with the half-expressed wishes of a stranger, who had no claim upon her kindness but that of being an Englishwoman. I know not what it was she sang; but scarcely had she permitted her voice to swell into one of those *bravura* passages, of which her execution was so very peculiar, and so perfectly unequalled, that I felt as if some magical process was being performed upon me, which took me back again to something.... I know not what to call it.... which I had neither heard nor felt for nearly twenty years. Involuntarily, unconsciously, my eyes filled with tears, and I felt as much embarrassed as a young lady of fifteen might do, who suddenly found herself in the act of betraying emotions which she was very far indeed from wishing to display. 'Mais que cela est drôle!' exclaimed Madame de V—, laughing.... 'Voilà ce qu'arrive toujours. Ceux qui ont bien connu la voix de maman, autrefois, ne sauraient la voir maintenant, sans vouloir l'entendre chanter.... et.... dès qu'ils ont entendu quelques notes.... voilà qu'ils pleurent!'

\* \* Were I to tell you that the magnificent compass of Madame Catalani's voice, was the same as heretofore, and all the clear violin notes of it quite unchanged, you would probably not believe me; but you may venture to do so, I do assure you, without scruple, when I declare, that she still executes passages of the extremest difficulty, with a degree of skill that might cause very nearly all her successors in the science to pine with envy, and moreover give up the competition in despair. When she had, with indescribable good humour and sweetness of manner, delighted us in this way for a while, she left her seat at the instrument, and placed her daughter in it, who has indeed a charming voice, but she seems to play with it, as with a trinket whose value is a matter of indifference to her.... singing us various little French ballads, as never were French ballads sung before.... Madame Catalani's eldest son, who seems to love her as such a mother deserves to be loved, is living with her, as her *podestà*, her friend, and most dear companion; Madame de V— likewise appeared *domiciliée* with her excellent mother.... The youngest son, also spoken of as highly estimable, is in the army, and with his regiment. The dwelling of Madame Catalani is extremely beautiful, being a large mansion, containing some very splendid rooms, and situated, like all other Florentine villas, in a spot of great beauty, commanding very extensive views among the picturesque hollows of the neighbouring Apennines, with the ever bright-looking villas scattered among them. This quiet residence is in truth a retreat of great beauty, and such a home as well pleases the fancy as the chosen scene of repose for one who has passed through many feverish interludes of gay and fashionable life; but with a heart and soul so wholly uninjured thereby, as to render the quietly looking back upon them more a matter of innocent triumph than of regret."

As a pendant and contrast to this sketch, we have, here, another resurrection:—

"Another of our dissipated was not visiting any more old palaces, but paying our compliments to antiquity of another kind—namely, a very, very old woman. To our extreme astonishment, we were some days ago informed that MADAME SACQUI was about to enchant the Tuscan metropolis, by a series of the most difficult performances ever exhibited on the tight rope. I imagined that the daring adventurer must be a descendant of the Madame Sacqui I remembered in the days of my youth, upon whom the slipper of her great ancestress had fallen. But I was quite wrong.... It was no descendant.... It was the *immortal* Madame Sacqui herself! This seemed so very nearly to approach a miracle, that, although the entertainment promised was not one that could ever be of a very inviting kind, we determined to be present at it. If wonder and astonishment could have sufficed to give pleasure, then might we have been *extravagantly* delighted at this unnatural exhibition; but this not being the case, a very near approach to positive pain was the result. We were told that this preternatural old woman was seventy, and our box being, unfortunately for us, very near the stage, we saw her features with sufficient distinctness to feel persuaded that this was no exaggeration. The exhibition was a very terrible one. Strength and activity, in a degree that at any age would have put the possessor of them apart from the rest of her species, as something out of the ordinary course of nature, displayed by a wrinkled crone who looked as if she had reached the very last stage of human existence, had something so dreadful in it, that I doubt if any could have been found sufficiently light of heart to have made a jest on the subject. It really was *tremendously horrible*! If, when yielding to the pressure of actual want (which of course can alone explain the business)—if, while thus exhibiting herself for bread, the advisers of the poor old woman had recommended her making her appearance in the dress, and with the appurtenances of a witch, making her demi-volts on a broomstick, and spinning aloft, like one sustained in the air by some power unknown, I dare say we should have all shuddered; but at any rate there would have been something poetical in the emotion. But how do you think we must have felt at seeing her decked out with all the meretricious decorations of an opera girl of eighteen? And then, after performing every sort of gymnastic impossibility upon the ropes on the stage, she set off, with an enormously heavy-looking flag in each hand, to walk to the very highest part of the large Theatre, over the heads of the people in the pit.... I fully expected that some dreadful catastrophe would be the result, and so I believe did every one else; for there was a sort of extraordinary stillness through the house, that told eloquently enough of some common feeling of no light kind.... but when on her return, the horrible old sorceress stopped midway and waved her flags aloft, there was a burst, and a scream, that she, I suppose, took for applause, which was almost deafening, and then we got up, and made our escape, rather ashamed perhaps of having been among the crowd who had looked upon such an unseemly spectacle."

At the baths of Lucca, our tourist had an opportunity of hearing the recitations of the great tragedian Modena, and speaks of him with enthusiasm; and she gives many particulars of the preparations for, and interest excited by, the Scientific Congress held at Florence, in the September of last year, and the zeal of the Grand Duke to promote its objects, and provide for the comfort of its members.

*Notes and Observations on the Ionian Islands and Malta, &c.* By John Davy, M.D. &c.

[Second Notice.]

ALTHOUGH the scientific portion of Dr. Davy's volumes is by far the more important, and occupies the larger portion of their pages, we must confine ourselves to the consideration of one or two particular points, first quoting certain miscellaneous extracts, which can be advantageously separated from their context.

With respect to the great essential of civilized existence, a good supply of water, the Ionian



Islands present some peculiarities founded on geological conditions. Wherever the mountain limestone exists alone, water is of the greatest rarity, and perennial springs unknown. In the districts where marl prevails, springs are not common; yet there is no deficiency of water.

"In the districts of mixed deposits, where there are alternations of rock and marl, or where limestone or breccia rest on marl, these springs are most abundant, and there only perennial springs occur. In Corfu, in Santa Maura, in Cephalonia, and in Zante, there are examples of the kind, and they constitute some of the most beautiful parts of these islands. Water and fertility and luxuriance of vegetation,—especially the fountain water, the living spring,—are intimately associated in these regions; where the spring bursts forth, there the circumstances are all most favourable to vegetation, and the soil commonly, as well as the moisture and the means of irrigation. Where there is a fountain, there is generally a garden, and if not a garden, or orange grove, there is either the stately platanus or wild shrubbery of the finest kind, the myrtle in profusion, with which is occasionally mixed the oleander, the laurel, and arbutus. [Not only is the shrubbery about the springs of peculiar beauty and variety in the Ionian Islands, but also the minute vegetation, clothing, and dressing the moist banks, rocks, and stones, many of the plants aquatic, and in their natural place beneath or on the surface of the clear water.] That part of Cephalonia which is least known, which extends between Mount Pronos and Scala, at the foot of the Black Mountains, looking towards Ithaca, is a region of this kind. When I travelled through it, the noise of waters was even impressive; and my companion, a native, resident on the other side of the island, and who never before saw running streams, expressed himself surprised and delighted; it was to him a perfectly novel scene; nature appeared to him in a new aspect. Witnessing the impression produced on his mind, it was easy to imagine the feeling amongst the ancients which led them to the personification of these beneficent sources, and the assigning to them living and divine attributes."

This connexion between geological structure and the supply of water is, we are told, universal throughout the islands; and the influence from the one to the other vigorous and certain. There is also another connexion more inexplicable, but, it appears, equally common,—namely, between the local geology and the liability to earthquakes. It is singular that throughout these islands there are no traces of volcanic eruption, nor any vestiges of trap rocks. Yet earthquakes are frequent; and Dr. Davy states, with confidence, that they are associated closely with the marl formation.

"All the islands are not equally subject to earthquakes, nor indeed is the whole of any one island. Zante and Santa Maura are the two in which they have occurred most frequently, and in which their operation has been most severely felt.—Of the same island, those districts appear most liable to be affected in which marl and clay abound.—On the contrary, where there is no clay or marl formation, in those districts composed of solid rock, there the phenomena of earthquakes are either unknown, or witnessed only in a very slight degree.—This information, I believe, may be depended on. I travelled through all these islands, and visited different parts of them, and every where made inquiry on the subject; and what has just been stated was the result."

Though speaking thus positively of the fact, Dr. Davy, as usual, is less assured as to the cause.

"We are told by Aristotle that Anaximenes attributed earthquakes to excessive dryness and to excessive moisture, and that Democritus referred them to water penetrating into the earth. If clay or marl is associated with these circumstances, are they not tolerably adequate to account for the phenomena, such as they present themselves in these regions; and especially if changes of temperature be called in as an auxiliary? The little compressibility of water; the relations of clay to water; the expansion of the earth from the excess of the fluid; its contraction from deficiency, as in drying,—are obvious qualities

in favour of the views of the old Greek philosophers. Moist clay, which has been pressed between bibulous paper, on being thoroughly dried, at a temperature below 212°, loses about thirty-three per cent., still, of course, retaining the proportion which constitutes it a hydrate. Now, may not the contraction connected with such a loss in a considerable mass or surface be adequate to the effect in question? And also, may not the absorption of so much water be likewise adequate to it? And as moist clay is little permeable to water, and has the remarkable property of confining it, may not the admission of water between strata of clay have also an effect of the kind? In the hydraulic press its power is strongly exemplified. In the shrinking and cracking of wood from excessive dryness, we have a familiar instance of the operation of loss of water; and in the cracking of glass from changes of temperature we have also an instance of an effect from this cause, analogous to that which we are considering. These conjectures I venture to throw out merely in relation to such earthquakes, as those of the Ionian Islands, of limited extent as regards the field of their operation, and of comparatively feeble effect, very different from those grand catastrophes which have desolated whole provinces, and have been felt over many thousand miles of the earth's surface, the causes of which are at present hid in complete darkness, as if to humble the pride of intellect and the reasoning powers of man."

If there be foundation for the Doctor's theory, the phenomena cannot be confined to the one locality; and the connexion must be looked for in the marl districts of other parts of the world.

Dr. Davy, during his residence at Malta, turned his attention to the artificial methods of cooling apartments in a hot climate. "We cool wines," he says, "for the table, but no precautions are taken to cool our sitting rooms, or even to ventilate them." We have ourselves had frequent occasion to remark, that while Dr. Arnott's stoves became almost universal, his complementary processes for preserving a wholesome circulation of air were nearly as universally neglected. In warmer climates public attention is more urgently directed to the point; but the means employed to lower temperature have hitherto been chiefly dependent on the instrumentality of evaporation. Dr. Davy proposes also to take advantage of the radiating process by which nature refreshes the over-heated earth. For the illustration of the cooling effects of radiation, he presents his readers with tables of experimental results of great scientific value. The following is, however, sufficient for our present purpose:—

"At five o'clock in the morning, on the 14th of August 1830, when the thermometer in the open air was 72°, one placed on cotton naked was found to be 67°, and another on cotton covered with glass 68°; and again, at eleven o'clock at night, when the thermometer in the air was 76°, that on the cotton exposed was 66°, and that on the cotton under glass was 68°. On another occasion, when the temperature of the air was 78°, a thermometer on cotton naked was 66°, one on cotton covered with thin muslin, at the height of two feet, was 71°. This was at eleven p.m. on the 14th of August. On the following morning at five a.m., the thermometer exposed to the air was 72°, that under muslin on cotton 69°, and that on cotton naked 66°."

The method he proposes to adopt is given in a few lines, which, though short, embrace the principle, and will enable the reader to modify for himself, according to peculiar circumstances.

"Were I asked an opinion respecting the most effectual way of obtaining coolness, combined with safety to health, at night, so desirable in the hot nights of Malta, I would suggest an apartment, made as much as possible of glass,—in fact, an apartment all window,—provided with thick wooden shutters, lined on the inside with cotton-wool, and painted white on the outside. Were the shutters closed by day, the sun's heat would be very much excluded, and the apartment would be kept cool. And were they opened after sunset (glass interfering very little with the radiation of heat), the apartment would

have the advantage of the cooling produced by radiation. The windows even might be thrown open till protection from the open air became advisable; or mosquito blinds might be partially substituted for glass frames. They would allow of a circulation of air, exclude insects, and permit of a certain degree of cooling effect from radiation."

Among the most valuable of Dr. Davy's communications, we are inclined to place his remarks on quarantine; a subject of such great importance to a commercial nation, that it cannot be too frequently brought before the public as long as a single doubt remains unclarified. The opinions expressed by one so fitted by circumstances to judge with correctness, are worthy of all attention; and we accordingly give them to our readers. In speaking of the existing quarantine laws, he says—

"I believe it must be confessed that fear and panic have legislated, and not reason and judgment, and, consequently, that there has been no deliberate inquiry,—no examination of evidence,—no determination of facts,—and no establishment of principles from facts on the scientific inductive plan; and, therefore, as a further inevitable consequence, no confidence has been felt in the measures of quarantine amongst reflecting persons, and no satisfaction,—they have engendered doubts, and suspicions, and fears,—they have been viewed by many as irrational, arbitrary, and tyrannical."

In confirmation he quotes, with approbation, from Dr. Bowring's pamphlet; and he adds—

"Like Dr. Bowring, I can speak from what I have myself witnessed of the evils of the present system; and, like him, I have come to the conclusion, that the system, in a sanitary point of view, is entirely a failure. This opinion has not been hastily formed. I have come to it after a ten years' residence in the Mediterranean, after many voyages backwards and forwards, and to the adjoining countries, and after having been four different times in quarantine, and constantly in the habit of considering quarantine questions."

These opinions are the more striking, inasmuch as Dr. Davy is not a decided anti-contagionist. On this point, indeed, like most other observers who have latterly visited the scene of plague, his apprehensions of the contagious nature of the disease have materially diminished.

"This fundamental question, I apprehend, cannot now be answered in a satisfactory manner.—The prevailing opinion, it is well known, is in the affirmative. It is the doctrine taught in the medical schools; it is the received doctrine, sanctioned by governments, and maintained by law, by the severest penalties. When I left this country for the Mediterranean, in 1824, I held the contagion of plague to be as clearly proved as that of small-pox. For a long time my belief remained firm; now I am undecided. This state of doubt has been produced by some strong evidence, recently published, in opposition to the doctrine of contagion, especially that contained in Dr. Bowring's pamphlet—the substance of the experience of Dr. Laidlaw, in Egypt, who, from a decided contagionist has become an anti-contagionist, in consequence of what he himself witnessed, in observing the course of the disease. Certain facts which came to my own knowledge had the same tendency to raise doubt in my mind. I shall mention two in particular —[Two pregnant negative instances]. \* \* Other circumstances may be mentioned which tend to raise doubt relative to the contagion of plague,—and two especially; first, the difficulty there always is in distinguishing between a contagious epidemic or endemic disease, and an endemic or epidemic disease, the cause of which exists in the atmosphere, or in some circumstance to which the population generally is exposed; and, secondly, the course which the plague has commonly been observed to run when it has broken out amidst a dense population. \* \* That there should be much similarity often between an epidemic or endemic disease, with and without contagion, seems to be almost a matter of necessity. Ingenuity can easily reconcile difficulties. Every disease that has ever been very prevalent has, in some place, or at some time or other, been considered contagious. Dysentery, pulmonary consumption, com-

mon catarrh, may be specially mentioned as having been so considered. Cholera morbus affords a memorable example of the difficulty in distinguishing between the two kinds of disease; a large proportion of the medical profession have come to the conclusion that it is contagious; whilst another section of the profession are satisfied that it is entirely free from contagion."

To this text, however, a note is appended, stating that "some facts, well authenticated, came to the author's knowledge while in Constantinople," that satisfied him of the reality of the contagion. These, of course, are apparent cases of the spread of disease from immediate contact with the sick. Admitting that the instances are cogent, we do not well see how they should have so completely changed the course of Dr. Davy's mind on the subject. First, his cases had not the benefit of his own personal observation; and secondly, the inference, at best, is but from the *post hoc* to the *propter hoc*. Of all the imputed examples of contagion, that of the plague is at once the most subtle and the most immediate. With so virulent and potent an agent, there can be no necessity for weighing of instances, no hawk and buzzard hanging between a yes or no. If the agency of contagion be indeed so difficult to establish, if it does not force itself on the conviction of the bystander, so as to preclude further question, we are rendered certain that the contagion is not so formidable as has been believed; and that is a firm step, at least, towards the probability of the non-contagion doctrine. However staggering Dr. Davy's instances may have been, we can, therefore, hardly understand the sudden conviction they carried with them. To the general reader, however, the impressions thus made on Dr. Davy's mind is important, as strengthening very considerably his remarks on the quarantine system itself. Concerning the length of seclusion necessary for the safety of the public, he seems to think that it is a point of extreme difficulty; yet in a note he quotes Mons. Bulard, whose researches, he says, favour the idea that a few days only intervene between the reception of contagion and the occurrence of the symptoms. Where a doubt exists of the reality of the contagion, no great reliance can be placed on any imputed law on which it may be supposed to act. His objections, however, extend to the quarantine itself as altogether unnecessary. What follows is more decided:—

"Concerning the susceptibility and non-susceptibility of certain substances to become the medium for conveying contagion, I have no hesitation in expressing my belief that the classification is equally arbitrary and erroneous, and that this part of the basis of the present system of quarantine is faulty in the extreme, and subversive of all the rest, were that quite perfect and free from all objection. Cotton, wool, silk, flax, hemp, leather, are placed in the class of susceptible articles. Wood, metal, glass, are placed in the class of non-susceptible articles. Whilst you are detained in quarantine, you may deliver money to a person who comes to see you; you may drink out of the same glass; you may receive trays and baskets of provisions, and return them, with plates and glasses, without infraction of quarantine regulations—without bringing into quarantine the person into whose hands these articles have been placed. But should any one touch your glove or hat, or any part of your dress, or should you touch any part of his, he is immediately subject to quarantine of the same duration as yourself. Why such distinctions have been made it is even difficult to conceive—they are so unscientific, so contrary to all the analogies of other contagious matters—and I may add, without exaggeration, so irrational. \* \* To be deserving of the designation of non-susceptible, in the sense used, substances ought to have positive active qualities rendering them so, by which the contagious matter is either repelled, or destroyed, or rendered inert. That the articles enumerated as instances, have no such qualities, must, I apprehend, be admitted by all who

are competent to give an opinion on the subject; they are the very substances which are selected for holding things the most delicate and perishable. Vaccine lymph on points of wood, in glass tubes, and between plates of glass, has been sent all over the globe—it has occasionally retained its efficacy, so conveyed, for several months, and after twice passing through the tropics. It would be wonderful in the extreme, then, that substances, not known to have any action on any other substance, should have a specific action on the matter of plague. \* \* Relative to the class of articles designated susceptible, I apprehend they must be admitted to be so, in common with all other substances, which, as before mentioned, are merely negatively inert,—have no active power incompatible with the preservation of contagious matter. These articles are commonly more or less spongy and porous, soft, compressible, and abounding in air between their particles and filaments,—as cotton, wool, &c.,—whether in the raw or manufactured state. \* \* Who, with even a smattering of chemical knowledge, would think of selecting an article abounding in air for the purpose of keeping any matter peculiarly susceptible of change from the action of atmospheric air, such as contagious matter is supposed to be? The logical conclusion, reasoning on the subject as a matter of science, is, that if the substances pronounced to be non-susceptible are so in reality, those placed in the opposite class are, *a fortiori*, non-susceptible, on account of the superadded air which they contain."

This is a new view of the matter, and we leave the value of the argument to the consideration of the reader.

We cannot follow our author further in his remarks on quarantine, which, though stringent, do not possess the novelty of his chemical argument. We think he has shown,—admitting the subtlety of the poison,—that the existing rules, with all their wasteful severity, must prove inadequate to prevent its dissemination; while the known relaxations in discipline in certain ports, unattended with a spread of the disease, is direct confirmation of the inutility of the system. Dr. Davy, however, does not think that in the present state of opinion any sudden revolution in the practice is attainable; and he raises his voice to demand further inquiry, as the only means of setting the question at rest.

We had intended to have brought our readers acquainted with the author's opinions on the climate of Malta in relation to tubercular consumption, but we find our disposable space unequal to the theme. We can, therefore, only recommend our readers, medical or lay, to read the chapter itself, before they form a decision on the removal of an invalid. We do not think Dr. Davy has quite cleared up his point, but his observations are luminous, and will assist others in forming a judgment.

*Dr. Hookwell, or the Anglo-Catholic Family.*  
3 vols. Bentley.

AN Oxford tract, swelled into three volumes, and baptized by the name of novel, is something portentous; it shows that controversial divinity will leave no region of literature uninvaded; histories now abandon the narrative of facts, to discuss points of faith; books of travels delineate doctrines rather than scenery; poetry has been seduced into an alliance with vituperative argument, and songs have become sermons. Religious novels have been, unfortunately, common enough of late days, but a novel of direct controversy is as yet rare, and the specimen before us is sufficiently remarkable to require from us a few words of comment.

The story of this novel is as blank as that of Canning's knife-grinder. A certain Sir John Armitage and his family are anxious to know something of what is called the Puseyite movement, and they apply to the Rev. Dr. Hookwell, who prosed away through one half of the work, and a series of comments and conversations on the Doctor's statements, destitute alike

of character and probability, occupies the remainder. It is very broadly intimated, that all the characters are taken from life,—Dr. Hookwell of course being Dr. Hook, of Leeds; but there is no individuality in any of the portraits, they are as much *individua vaga* as "the brave Gynas and the brave Cloanthus." As a work of fiction the novel is an absurd failure; but this is not the point of view in which the author wishes it to be considered; he offers the work as a popular exposition of the doctrines maintained by his party, and a statement of their claims to general reception. Hitherto the Oxford divines have been contented to make their appeal to a limited audience, "fitting but few," the clerical body: this work, on the contrary, is addressed to the laity, which has certainly manifested great indifference during the controversy. Thus viewed, these volumes, however unwelcome the subject, must come before the tribunal of criticism, not to receive judgment on the theological points in issue, but to undergo an examination as to the legitimacy of the arguments employed to support them. We are not combatants, but judges of the field, bound to see that the champions use lawful weapons, and observe the laws of literary chivalry.

Now the first principle which Dr. Hookwell undertakes to establish, is the doctrine of Apostolical Succession, and he does so at great length, but his main argument is contained in the following passage:—

"There is neither precept nor example in Scripture, nor in any early age of the Church, for presbyters, WITHOUT A SUPERIOR, to ordain a presbyter. So soon as the apostles departed from the earth, their immediate successors took on themselves the name of *bishop*, in preference to that of *apostle*, (bishop and presbyter being convertible terms before,) perhaps from a feeling of veneration towards those who had been *immediately* ordained by Christ, or from an opinion that they were not so emphatically *sent* as the apostles themselves; but certain it is, that the title of 'apostle' ceased, and that of 'bishop' was substituted, and strictly confined to the episcopal or apostolic office. And thus we read of men who walked with the apostles, not taking the name of *apostle*, but of *bishop*, after the decease of those apostles, although they lawfully assumed all the episcopal functions of the apostles. Thus St. Clement, whose praise is recorded by St. Paul in Phil. iv. 3, was bishop of Rome; St. Ignatius, the disciple of St. Peter, was bishop of Antioch; and Polycarp, the disciple and intimate friend of St. John, was bishop of Smyrna."

The manifest objection to this reasoning is simply, that it proves nothing; it shows that identity of name has been preserved in ecclesiastical orders, but it does not establish any identity of office and functions, which is the only matter of importance. Are the episcopal functions of the present day the same as those claimed and exercised by the apostles and their immediate successors?—are bishops elected now in the same way that they were then, and for precisely the same purposes? If Dr. Hookwell had translated his statement into plain English, it would be simply, "In the early Christian church the administration was vested in the hands of Elders under the presidency of an Overseer; the presence of the overseer was necessary to give validity to any act of Church government, and hence every vacancy was regularly supplied." Few would be disposed to controvert the doctrine thus stated; yet the only change we have made is to translate the corrupt Greek word "Bishop," into the intelligible English overseer. It remains for Dr. Hookwell to show that the claims, functions, and offices of the modern bishops are identical with those of the ancient overseers, for identity of name is nothing to the purpose. This was the point at issue between the episcopal clergy and the Puritans: the Puritans did not object to the functions of a superintendent or overseer in



the churches; on the contrary, they were anxious to establish a superintendency of the most rigid description; they objected to episcopacy, because they believed that the word, like many others, had changed its meaning, and represented a very different system in its English form from what it did in the original Greek. Dr. Hookwell himself would not be disposed to address the Archbishop of Canterbury by the Latin name Pope, though he would not hesitate to use the corresponding English word "Father." It is perfectly true that episcopacy, in the age of the apostles, meant a system of superintendency, but it is understood in the same limited sense at present?

The next great principle discussed is the relative value of "the authority of Scripture" and the "authority of the Church," a question raised by Reginald Armitage.

\* What is to hinder us from unsettling the whole Christian world by setting up the most extravagant opinions as professedly based on Scripture? And then, when once we have broke loose from our moorings, and are afloat, the transition to chartism, socialism, Popery, or any infidel system, is easy, and tempting enough—*facilis descensus avernii*. And thus dissent, by breaking down the strong barriers of the Church, and evangelism by not sufficiently supporting them, may be fairly chargeable, unintentionally of course, with paving the way for mischief that they never anticipated, or dreamed would come to pass. It should ever be remembered also, that when we discard the voice of the Church, we discard, in fact, the canon of Scripture; and without the defined canon of Scripture we are entirely uncertain as to our possession of the Word of God: and then, if uncertainty be hovering over the very source whence our teaching professes to come, we can no longer speak with authority, other than our own, of sacred things."

The difficulty which meets us here is to discover what is meant by the "Voice of the Church;" no evidence is given that the different churches founded by the apostles were regarded as one organic community called "a church," neither can we find any intimation of the authoritative organs through which the "Voice of the Church" is spoken. The injunction, "Hear the Church," refers to the government of a single congregation similar to a Jewish synagogue. The greater part of the second volume is occupied by Dr. Hookwell's reasonings on the necessity of listening to the "Voice of the Church," but he omits to prove whether "a Christian church," in his sense of the word, that is, the whole of the Christian churches united into one organic body, ever had existence and was known by the name of Church, and he equally omits to tell us through what organs its voice was authoritatively spoken. For aught that appears, the cry of "Hear the Church," may be synonymous with that of "Hear Dr. Hookwell."

We have here hinted at what we feel to be the great defect of this work, the abuse of names, and have quoted two examples. It must not be supposed that in so doing we mean to impugn the doctrines advocated; our simple aim is to expose the fallacies by which the writer before us has supported them, and to show the unfairness of confounding words with things. In the review of the 'Life of Bishop Doane,' (ante, p. 784,) we had occasion to notice similar fallacies on the opposite side of the question. Definition and precision would put an end to a great deal of controversy, and until writers have recourse to strictness in the use of terms, they will impose upon themselves and others.

We are grieved to find that an author who writes so feelingly on the impropriety of the harsh terms which have been applied to the Oxford divines, should himself have indulged in

such bitterness as he exhibits towards the Evangelical party of the Church of England, the Wesleyan Methodists, and the Record newspaper, which seems to be the especial object of his detestation. He generally maintains the character of a gentleman and a scholar, and he should therefore avoid imitating the author of 'The Vicar of Wrexhill.'

*Narrative of a Residence on the Mosquito Shore, during the Years 1839, 1840, and 1841; with an Account of Truxillo, and the adjacent Islands of Bonacca and Roatata.* By Thomas Young. Smith, Elder & Co.

To nine-tenths of those not directly interested in geographical discovery or colonization, the Mosquito Shore will present no other idea than that of a dismal swamp, where fevers are rife, vegetation rank, and vermin not to be counted; and Mr. Young's volume ought to be acceptable, as calculated to mitigate the horrors of such a picture. To those who are better instructed, it will be no less welcome, as enlarging the store of their information; while, in itself, the book is agreeably written, and deserves to be complimented, after the fashion pointed out by Dr. Johnson—namely, by quotation.

The situation which Mr. Young held as Deputy Superintendent under the British Central American Land Company, and the purpose of his mission to Honduras, which was to form a settlement at Black River, certainly gave him ample opportunities of making a close acquaintance with the country and its inhabitants; but gave, also, a natural bias to his opinions, which those who may refer to his work as a guide to emigration, will do well to bear in mind. This premised, we may observe that the general impression which his statements produce is not disheartening to emigrants who have stout hearts, strong arms, and a little money in their purses. The aspect of the country is rich and beautiful, if the scenery around Cape Gracias à Dios may be accepted as a fair specimen. Limes, canes, cocoa-nuts, and other handsome plants, form the forest and the bush, and "imregnate the air with sweetness"; the climate in the same district is not unhealthy, and as tillage and clearance advance, will increase, of course, in salubrity. The savannas are capable of feeding large flocks or herds; and on the Mosquito Kays are banks of turtle ample enough to make a citizen's mouth water. As to the drawback of insects and reptiles, despite the menacing name on his own title-page, Mr. Young makes light of the annoyance of mosquitoes; "they are not troublesome at the Cape while there is the slightest breeze from seaward," and the wind, he adds, generally blows on the land. The plague of sand-flies is worse to encounter; and, worse still, the exceedingly troublesome and unpleasant chegue-flea, which buries itself beneath the victim's skin,—the least tolerable, perhaps, of all those entomological nuisances so whimsically hit off by Sydney Smith, in his review of the Crocodile-compeller, Mr. Charles Waterton. On the other hand, the inhabitants of this teeming district are far less formidable than Fancy has painted them. The Caribs are commended by Mr. Young, as remarkable for personal cleanliness, and good will towards the white man; and if not very teachable, they are not malicious. Consciously, or unconsciously, we cannot but think that the varnish of advocacy is spread over Mr. Young's portraiture of this much-abused corner of the New World; but even making allowance for this, the picture is not repulsive. The book shall now speak for itself.

As we have followed the example of our Deputy Superintendent in making light of the insects which beset the settler, it is but fair to mention that the settler's horse runs constant

danger of losing his ears from the ticks, which are a numerous, hungry, and destructive legion. The bats, also, are fond of horse-flesh on the Mosquito Shore; and "when a horse belonging to a native has a sore back, he rarely gets cured; for if he is turned out on the savanna, the flies torment him to death." But let us speak of pleasanter things:—

"The guana is very plentiful; it lives upon flowers and the blossoms of trees, and is much esteemed, being considered a greater delicacy than a fowl; its eggs are delicious. Fowls can be obtained for one yard of Osnaburg or two egg-cups of powder, &c. each; pigs can be got for three or four yards of print, &c. each; very good oysters are brought from the mangrove bush on San Pio, and are much sought after; they grow on the branches just above water. The bank oysters are in great plenty to the southward of the Cape. Fish abounds in the bay in great variety; mullet, calipever, snook, drummer, sun-fish, angel-fish, jew-fish, topham, sheephead, stone-bass, &c., and with a proper seine plenty can always be got, except in very rough weather. It is customary for the natives to haul the seine, taking one moiety of the fish caught for themselves, the owner of the seine taking the other. The natives often strike the fish at night, by paddling along in their doreys, holding up pitch-pine torches, which, throwing a glare of light upon the water, attract the fish to the spot, when they are immediately struck. Sometimes on a dark night the bay appears studded with lights from the numerous torches of the natives, who skirt the mangrove bush, and wade and twist their bodies through its entwining roots and branches. Holding their torches close to the water, they strike the fish with their machetes as they appear. The natives are also particularly dexterous with their striking staffs; one termed a sincock is very long. A native stands on the bow of his pitpan, which is slowly paddled along by another at the stern; he sees a fish and transfixes it with the harpoon, the staff not being thrown from his hand. The staff called a waisko doocer, is much shorter, and it is astonishing to see with what skill the fast swimming fish are stopped in their progress, by being struck by the harpoons, although they may be some yards distant. The staff has at the end a hole, in which the harpoon with a line attached is introduced; the line is wound round a piece of wood, which is fastened to the other end of the staff. When the staff is thrown, the harpoon remains in the fish, its progress being arrested by the piece of wood which acts as a float, and is speedily laid hold of by the fishers."

A word or two in the above extract calls for a glossary. A "pitpan" is "a flat-bottomed, narrow, native boat, cut out of a tree, generally mahogany or cedar"; a "dorey," a larger craft of the same kind. To these may be added, as the word is sure to occur, that an "oushner" is "a kind of net, made from the bark of a tree."

"The men are in general tall and athletic, with a very pleasing expression of features, but they are abominably lazy, subsisting by hunting and fishing, and the produce of their plantations, which the women attend to. It is not always they can be moved from their apathy, even by the inducement of liquor or Osnaburg. I spoke to one huge fellow, requesting he would come and work for me; his reply was, as he lazily turned in his hammock, 'Me no want hook—me no want Osnaburg'; consequently he refused to leave his hut, as he already had hooks and Osnaburgs. Most of the men at the Cape speak English sufficiently well to be understood, some of them speak very well, which, however, is easily accounted for, inasmuch as numbers of them go away at different times to Balize, where they sometimes stay two or three years, employed by the merchants as hunters and fishers. The women are very good looking, with large black eyes; generally well-shaped, with small feet and ankles. Many of their young girls from thirteen to about eighteen, are, I may say, beautiful. Their dress is simply a tournou, which they fasten round their hips; they have also a piece of Osnaburg or print round their bodies, and hanging down as low as the knees; the legs and the body from the waist upwards being bare, except on the occasion of their festivals, when they fasten more print higher up the bosom. Round their wrists,

ances and legs, they wear bandages made from the native cotton, and dyed blue or red; or blue, red, and white beads, strung in various ways. To describe the dress of the men is impossible, the variations are so numerous; some having nothing but a tunic, others black hats (pieces of some gaudy ribbon being tied round them), and checked shirts; others, again, wear Osnaburg frocks and red caps; indeed, the more connexion they have with the English, the more varied becomes their costume; although the intercourse with white people does not at all times tend to increase their morality. \* \* The Mosquito men have, from time immemorial, been noted for courage and activity, and with good leaders, there is no doubt would act as bravely as they did when following the old English buccaniers. In reading many of the stories related of those desperadoes, we find that the Mosquito Indians were always their faithful allies and friends, following them with invincible fortitude in their attacks against the Spaniards, acting as guides, wood-cutters, hunters and fishers; indeed, without such assistance, the buccaniers would often have fared badly enough. Through a long series of years, the same love which prompted their fathers to assist one set of Englishmen, induced their sons to serve another; and thus it is now, though certainly in a less degree, that the Mosquitoes love and respect an Englishman, but dislike a Spaniard; and they have a term of contempt which they invariably use when speaking of the latter, namely, Little Breeches, because the calzones of the lower class of Spaniards only reach to the knees. It may be recollected that an affecting story is told, I think by Dampier, of a Mosquito man, named William, being left on the island of Juan Fernandez by accident, where he contrived to subsist for three years, and even to surround himself with many little comforts. At the expiration of that period he discovered two vessels, which he thought were Spanish, and in his consternation he ran and hid himself in the woods, but on again observing the ships from another point, he concluded they must belong to his friends the English. He therefore returned to his hut, killed a kid, and made a large fire on the beach, the smoke of which attracted attention, and brought a boat to the shore, when, to his surprise, the first person who jumped on the beach was his countryman, Robin. The greeting between these affectionate creatures was most affecting, for after so long a separation, all hopes of William's existence had long subsided. One of the captains, in the course of his cruise, landed the loving friends on their native shore."

We shall now give a travelling adventure or two; the first from the voyage to Black River, already mentioned. This was undertaken by Mr. Young in a schooner of sixteen tons burden, with a crew of two English and three Mosquito men. The weather was adverse, "the *Amity*" being, for some days, prevented by contrary winds from rounding Main Cape. Subsequently she had to struggle with yet worse weather.

"In the morning the wind increased again, and the sea running heavier, while we were suffering from intense heat with only a pint of water each per diem, our captain determined to run for some other port; and as Bouacca was distant only sixty miles, we accordingly shaped our course for that island, and on the following morning it was descried; the wind being still extremely violent, and to all appearance it was increasing. As much sail was carried as the schooner could possibly stagger under, and at seven P.M., just as the moon arose, we passed the first kay, and others rapidly in succession, it being the captain's intention to anchor under the lee of Half-Moon Kay. In a short time we entered the channel and thought all danger was over, and we were on the point of congratulating ourselves on escaping the fury of the gale now blowing outside, when the main boom broke in half, on gibing; the jib halyards parted, and before the anchor could be got out, the poor *Amity* struck on a coral reef; the wind, which was blowing directly through the channel upon us, driving the sea with such force against the schooner, as to make complete breaches over her, as she was lying with her broadside exposed to its fury; a rock out of water being on her lee bow, and another on her weather quarter, so that there was no chance of relieving her. We fired signals of distress, having

heard that a Scotchman lived on one of the kays, but no one came to our aid. In this emergency, our attention was directed to save the goods; I promised to reward the people well if they exerted themselves, which they agreed to do, and immediately set to work to get the property out of the hold. Fortunately we had a small dory with us, and before twelve o'clock five or six loads were landed on Half-Moon Kay, about one mile and a half distant; but this service was attended with great difficulty and danger, the dory having been swamped two or three times, and all the goods capsized. The brave Mosquito men, having promised that nothing should be lost, dived for them by the light of the full moon, and saved them all, but not without being sadly cut and exhausted. At one P.M., as nearly as we could calculate, the tide began to come in; our situation was bad enough before, now, however, it was much worse, for every sea made a complete sweep over us, rendering it highly dangerous for the dory to approach, while we were faint with toil, and miserably wet and cold. On the return of the dory, the two Mosquito men, after some trouble, succeeded in getting to leeward of us, and when more goods were ready to be put in this little craft, they said, 'No, massa, no take em, we come for you—rock-stone cut too much;' poor fellows! they were both badly cut by the coral and sea eggs, in diving for the things that had been upset. The danger of our situation now increased, so that nothing more could be done. Mr. Upton, therefore, went on shore with them, taking some more goods and two or three small articles and papers; the men promising to return immediately. On their departure, the English sailor, a Mosquito man, and myself, battened down the hatches, and placed all the goods we were able to get out of the hold on the weather side of the deck, and when all was done, sat down wounded in body and mind. On examining our situation, we found that we were on a white reef of coral, and that at the distance of ten yards to leeward we should be in deep blue water, and we had some fears of being driven over the reef and immediately sinking, as the poor schooner was much bilged. In many places around us we observed little patches of rock, which seemed to be dancing merrily in the moon's rays, as if inviting us to their festival; and so strange did every thing appear, we could hardly believe our eyes. Numbers of sea eggs were seen in all directions, and we well knew the danger of getting amongst them, as they have long and sharp pointed spines, which inflict deep and dangerous wounds on those who chance to tread on them. Some considerable time having elapsed, and no dory arriving, we set to work getting together the long oars, spare spars, &c., to form a raft, so that in case of necessity we might have something to trust to. Having lashed the spars, &c. together, we were on the point of attaching a water cask to each end, when we heard the welcome cry of 'Kisar, kisar, wop!' (Be quick!) of our faithful men, who relieved us from our miserable situation about three A.M.; and on landing on the kay, without dry clothing or covering, we nestled ourselves near the fire that had been made, and wearied nature soon found repose. On examining the kay at daylight, we could not discover any fresh water, and were therefore compelled to resort to cocoa-nut water, which, although refreshing, was but an indifferent substitute. On the wind moderating, our Mosquitoes went over to the island and brought a supply from one of the numerous gulleys on the island. Having a large tarpaulin, we erected a tent, under which to place our goods, whilst we suspended our hammocks between the cocoa-nut trees, their thick and widely spreading leaves sufficiently sheltering us from the rays of the noon-tide sun. We had taken the precaution of cutting down the large nuts hanging over our heads, to prevent unpleasant consequences. One of our Mosquito men also struck a large grouper, a remarkably fine fish, with his staff, as it was swimming leisurely by, which proved a great treat to us all, it being quickly converted into a stew. The Mosquito men, William and Ben, and myself, proceeded the next day in the small dory, and after two hours paddling, found the Scotchman, residing on Frenchman's, otherwise Sheen's Kay. He seemed delighted at our arrival, and said he had heard our guns coming from the white shoal, on the night we were on the reef, but was unable to render us any assistance, hav-

ing only the use of one arm, the other being disabled by a fall from a tree. He was, therefore, prevented from either fishing or hunting, as he could not, with one hand, paddle his dory. Sometimes the poor fellow remains for three or four months quite alone, settling his nets in the proper season for the green turtle, which he disposes of by the help of some men who remain with him for a short period, and then set sail to Truxillo, Balize, &c. His companions were then, he said, on the other side of the island, felling pitch-pine trees, so as to carry a cargo to Truxillo for sale, and to hunt the wild hogs previous to their departure, so that they might salt some of the meat for their passage to and fro, and sell the remainder, to purchase the various things required in mending his nets. The boat being large enough to carry us and the goods saved from the *Amity* to Black River, he advised us to proceed on the following morning.

"On our return to Half-Moon Kay, we had the exceedingly good fortune to strike two large fish, and to jump two hawk's-bill turtle. The manner of jumping turtle is singular: as we paddled along the edges of a shoal, William's eyes were suddenly attracted by a distant object; he made a signal to Ben, when they both began paddling in a violent manner, now on one side, then on the other, backwards, forwards—all their energies being directed to something in the water, which I in vain tried to discover. At length they succeeded in effecting their object, which was to drive the turtle into shallow water; suddenly William jumped overboard, and before I had recovered from my astonishment, he re-appeared, holding a hawk's-bill turtle over his head. The second one captured bit him severely, he not having laid hold of it in the usual manner, owing to some difficulty he encountered. Passing one of the kays, we observed an immense quantity of large conks, many of which we collected, as they make good stews, and are the best bait for fish. On reaching the kay, we made a hearty supper from turtle soup, stewed grouper, and fried Johnny-cakes; I turned into my hammock, resolving to start again at day-break. At sun-rise I proceeded, according to the old Scotchman's directions, with my two Indians, who were well acquainted with bush travelling; but after seven hours journey, we were obliged to return, having lost our way, owing to our being misled by the numerous marks made by the pine-wood cutters; we therefore returned to the Scotchman, who, hearing of our bad success, kindly offered to be our guide on the morrow. We spread a few cocoa-nut leaves outside his little hut, and after a meal on wild parsley and cocoa-nuts, hoping for better fortune the next day, myself and my two faithful companions slept as soundly as many who were reposing on beds of the softest down. We rose with the sun, and set out with good hearts, hoping to obtain a hearty meal from the companions of the Scotchman, whom we expected to fall in with on the other side of the island. After travelling for some hours through underwood and tall trees, or cutting our way through thickets, at times climbing steep mountains, or descending them slowly and cautiously, for they were rough and steep, we arrived at the top of one of the highest, to which the guide pointed my attention, saying it was a silver mine, which had formerly been worked by an Englishman of the name of Sheen, and who, after great expense and trouble, began to anticipate a return for his outlay; unfortunately for him, however, the Spaniards hearing of it, came to the island, drove him off, and filled up the mine; none of them having spirit enough to work it, for fear of retaliation from the English. Mac Millan (our Scotch friend) assured me that the ore was found to be extremely good. The place certainly appears to warrant the idea of its being a mine of some sort, it being completely barren to its base, whilst all around can be seen cañon ridges, pine ridges, noble and stately Santa Maria trees, fit for masts of large size; lancewood and cedar, and a variety of other woods well adapted for ship building; fruit trees of many sorts, such as the marmec, cachew, plum and allivaco pears in profusion. Although the Spaniards, jealous of the English having claimed the island, continually fell such trees as they require, and they do not fail to lay the axe to every fruit tree they meet with, to prevent the English from reaping the benefit. It is, indeed, a disgraceful thing, that cocoa-nut trees should be cut down merely for the sake of their nuts, thus destroying, in a few minutes, what it has taken



years to produce, and yet it is often done by Caribs from Truxillo: and on a late visit by a French man-of-war, the crew cut down upwards of two hundred trees, in one of the most beautiful parts of the island. Shortly after passing the barren mountain, we heard the welcome cry, 'Searpe barrossa!' (There's the sea!) and on arriving on the sea-beach, had the mortification to find the boat had sailed, and by the fresh tracks of men and dogs on the sand, not above two or three hours. Tired and footsore, we in vain looked for water to appease our thirst; this was felt bitterly, as we could not even obtain a cocoa-nut to refresh our parched throats, there being but few trees near us, and all the nuts containing water having already been taken. After a few minutes rest, Mac Millan observed, it was better to start at once, as probably the boat had gone round the island to his kay; so retracing our footsteps for a short distance, we struck into a new pass, and after three hours travelling through numerous thickets and the foul drawback grass, which lacerated us severely, we were astounded to hear that our guide had lost his way: yet the stalwart Scotchman kept stalking on, with one arm in a sling, and his feet dripping with blood, cutting away with his machete in the direction he thought would lead us to the lagoon, in which was our dory, but all to no purpose. Our spirits were, however, kept up by constantly meeting with gulleys of water, at which we stopped and drunk greedily, first bathing our temples and wrists. At any other time, when not suffering from intense pain, toil-worn and feverish, I should have been enchanted with the many beautiful scenes. Numerous tall and commanding trees, full of orchidaceous plants, bearing lovely and splendid flowers of hues the most varied and singular, and many other fine specimens of a smaller kind were continually seen. Day advanced, and we were still wandering without any prospect of finding our way, so completely bewildered was our poor guide. At length we reached a matted mangrove thicket, and after cutting a pass with our machetes for upwards of a mile, sometimes crawling on our hands and knees on the dank and fetid swamp, at other times over the huge roots of the mangrove, which impeded our progress by their vast size, and their being twisted together in so many fantastical shapes, and again climbing over the top of some thick bush, which supported our weight by the interlacing of its branches, we discovered we were going wrong, and were obliged to retrace our weary steps, almost dropping with exhaustion.

"We again struck out as near as we could guess in a north east direction, until we came to a high and solitary pine tree, which one of the Mosquito men climbed, and sang out, 'Cásak wop, arwaller barrossa,' (Go straight ahead, there's the Lagoon;) but even this cheering news had not much effect on us, we seemed spell-bound, so completely were we exhausted by our exertions, and there appeared every probability of our passing the night in the impurity of the unwholesome mangrove bush. It being now nearly sunset, every thing depended upon our vigorous exertions; so following the directions pointed out, we commenced cutting a pass, for we could not proceed a step without first clearing the bush, being surrounded with thickets, or tall tiger grass, six, seven, and eight feet in height. Just as the sun sunk below the horizon, we contrived to reach the lagoon, about a mile from the place where we had left the dory; night fast approaching, and being quite exhausted, we found it quite impossible to cut our way to it. After much hesitation, we agreed to go through the lagoon, and waded to our dory, rather choosing to run the risk of alligators and sharks, of which there were plenty, than to remain in the filthy swamp all the night, tormented with myriads of flies. On jumping into the lagoon, the water just reached up to my chin, and in my wearied condition I could not have got on without the aid of the tallest Mosquitian. Skirting the extremity of the bush which extended some feet over the lagoon, we waded on, our guide first, and the Mosquito men close to me, each with a machete to defend himself in case of danger, till we reached our dory; this was a happy moment indeed; we speedily got to Mac Millan's kay, but found no boat. Wearied and distressed with hunger, and the poor guide having nothing to give us but Indian corn and cocoa-nuts, we endeavoured to reach our companions on Half-Moon Kay. The wind and sea, however, being against us,

and our strength totally gone, we were obliged to abandon the attempt, after several unavailing efforts, and return to Mac Millan's for the night. We slept on a couch of leaves, with logs of wood for our pillows, and the broad canopy of heaven for our covering; towards morning I awoke, cold and wretched, the east wind blowing keenly. Again I fell asleep, and on awaking found myself warm and comfortable, for the two faithful Mosquitians had taken off their own trowsers in the night, seeing me shiver, and had carefully placed them over me, which I have no doubt saved me from a serious fit of illness; such an act of genuine kindness speaks for itself. On fully awaking, I observed them both lying at my feet, sleeping soundly and peacefully. 'William, Ben, get up; no sooner were the words out of my mouth, than they both sprang to their feet, William saying, 'Master, you no sick, please God.' 'No, William, thank God, I am quite well; let us be off, and get some breakfast, for I am nearly starved.' 'Me same, master,' replied he, 'hungry too much.' Bidding adieu to our poor guide, whose wounded arm was paining him excessively, and promising to send him some pork and other trifles in the afternoon, we departed; and on arriving at Half-Moon Kay, soon forgot our late mishaps in the kindness shown by all in attending to our wants, and the sympathy they exhibited at our mischances; at the same time we did not forget our promise, the little dory being soon sent off with a small supply to our friendly guide."

The foregoing long narration has exhausted all our space for this week, but we may hereafter return to Mr. Young's volume.

*Rules for the Management of a Locomotive Engine*, by C. H. Gregory.—Good practical directions, compressed into the smallest compass—a volume that may be carried in the waistcoat pocket.

*List of New Books.*—The best Methods of Improving Health and Invigorating Life, &c., by T. J. Graham, Esq., M.D., 5th edit. revised and enlarged, 12mo. 6s. bds.—A Compendium of Practical Book-keeping, by single and double entry, by John Howatt, 8vo. 3s. 6d. hf-bd.; Ditto, abridged for Beginners, 8vo. 6d. swd.—Key to Ferguson's Grammatical Exercises, 12mo. 1s. 6d. sheep.—Hours with the Muses, by J. C. Prince, 3rd edit. enlarged 12mo. 6s. cl. lettered.—Affection's Keepsake for 1843, Select Poetry, 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl. extra.—The Remembrancer for 1843, Prose and Poetry, 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—A Token of Love, Select Poetry, 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl. extra.—Buck's Religious Anecdotes, new edit. 8vo. 5s. cl.—Sander's Dora Melder, edited by the Rev. C. B. Taylor, f. 7s. cl.—Philosophy of Christianity, by Philip Dixon Hardy, 2nd edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.—Miller's Selection of Psalms and Hymns, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, with an Introduction by Miss Agnes Strickland, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.—The Natural History of Man, &c. &c. by H. Pritchard, M.D., 1 vol. royal 8vo. 30s. cl.—Rogers's Italy, new edit. 1 vol. 8vo. 16s. bds.—Letters on the Slave Trade, Slavery and Emancipation, by G. W. Alexander, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Blunt's Civil Engineer, Division C, Imperial folio, 14s. cl.—Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. XXV., two series, Vol. VII., 8vo. 14s. bds.—Philip on Protracted Indigestion and its Consequences, 8vo. 16s. 6d. cl.—Cruwells's Housekeeper's Account Book for 1843, 4to. 2s. swd.—Life and Letters of Cicero, by Middleton, Melmoth, and Heberden, royal 8vo. 12s. cl.—Johnston's Elements of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology, 2nd edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.—American Notes for General Circulation, by Charles Dickens, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.—The Sepulchre of Lazarus, and other Poems, by S. H. Moulton, post 8vo. 5s. cl.—Stone's Justice's Pocket Manual, 2nd edit. 12mo. 6s. bds.—Ferguson's Practical Surgery, 250 wood engravings, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.—Dr. Lee's Clinical Midwifery, foolscap 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Hints to Cadets, by Lieut. Postans, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. swd.—Stow's Survey of London, new edit., edited by W. J. Thoms, Esq., F.S.A., medium 8vo. 5s. 6d. swd.—Hutton's Principles of Arithmetic and Algebra, 2nd edit. royal 12mo. 9s. bds.—Prof. Smyth's Lectures on the French Revolution, 3 vols. 8vo. 2nd edit. 11. 11s. 6d. cl.—Hooker's British Flora, 5th edit. coloured plates, 8vo. 24s. cl., ditto, plain, 14s. cl.—Hudson's Parent's Hand-Book, f. 5s. cl.—Sinclair's Modern Floriculture, 3 vols. post 8vo. new edit. 21s. cl.—Dr. Howe on Nervous Diseases, &c., 5th edit. 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Dr. Ramsbottom's Observations on Midwifery, 2nd edit. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Guthrie on Injuries of the Head, 4to. 6s. bds.—The Miser's Daughter, by W. H. Ainsworth, Esq., with illustrations by G. Cruikshank, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—Mammoe-Mania, the Apostasy of the Age Unveiled, 2nd edit. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Theory and Solution of Algebraical Equations, by J. R. Young, Belfast, 2nd edit. 8vo. 15s. cl.—Juvenile Companion to the Atlas, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Grand-Pierre's Sermons on the Doctrines of Christianity, translated 8vo. 2s. swd.—Laughton's Guide to the Isle of Man, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—McFarlane's Minor Poems, 12mo. 1s. cl.—Allen's Scriptural Guide to the New Testament, 32mo. 6d. cl.—Whistle Binkle, Scottish Songs, edited by Alexander Rodger, 24mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

## THE VOICES OF FUTURITY

The Pythoness is silent long:  
The Libyan deserts hear  
No more the voice of Ammon's fount,  
And Judah hath no seer;  
But still the prophet-words appear,  
Though darkly, as the scrawl  
The mystic hand at midnight traced  
Upon the palace wall.

Ah, faint and fitfully they come,  
Like music tost in air,  
Amid the passing tide of life,  
With all its present care:  
They whisper to our startled souls,  
In murmurs deep and low,  
And we hear them in the outer world,  
But know not whence they flow.

Are there no wave-born sounds that tell  
Where wandering rivers wend?  
Do vallies hear no warning voice  
When mountain floods descend?  
To speak the coming waves of Time,  
The onward flowing years,  
And faint as echoes from afar,  
These murmurs reach our ears.

They reach us through the cloudy vale  
That covers all before—  
The sea that sleeps without a sail—  
The yet untrodden shore;  
But tempests darkly brooding there,  
Send forth their stormy breath,  
Or dim our sunshine with the shades  
Of destiny and death.

Ah, voices of Futurity,  
Why is it that ye bring  
The rushing of the wintry blast,  
But not the voice of Spring?  
Perchance to teach us that our course  
Is o'er the depths of Fear,  
Where Hope should cast no anchor, for  
The haven is not here.

FRANCES BROWN.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. Lepsius, a distinguished scholar, who has already published some interesting papers on Egypt, has been commissioned by the King of Prussia to proceed to that country, for the purpose of investigating its antiquities and works of art. The Doctor, who was lately in London, is accompanied by an architect, two or three draughtsmen, well skilled in copying hieroglyphic writing, an artist, and a modeller; and by our distinguished countryman, Mr. Bonomi. Other English artists availed themselves of so favourable an opportunity to visit that country, and the party steamed from Southampton on the 1st ult. To one of these volunteers we are indebted for the following communication, which will be welcome to the many in England and in Prussia who take a lively interest in the progress and success of this well advised and well appointed commission.

Alexandria, Sept. 25.

Here we are, and here we have been for a week; but so hurried and wearied with passing our baggage, paying visits to the different consuls, delivering letters, and going through the consequent ceremonials and civilities, that I have not had a leisure moment to tell you of our "whereabouts." Then again, the heat by day, and the mosquitoes by night! We have arrived just at the hottest season; and Alexandria, they tell me, has the most disagreeable climate in all Egypt, which I can easily believe, and find consolation in it, as we hope to be off in a few days for Cairo.

We had a delightful passage; the Bay of Biscay smooth as a mill-pond; and yet we got sight of some of the sea monsters which landmen delight to tell of, including whales, which was more than we anticipated. The voyage, indeed, was delightful in every way—companions after my own heart—men whose learning, whose enthusiasm, or whose genius, it was impossible not to admire and respect; and I thought of the fly in amber, and "wondered how the — I got there"—rejoicing that

They also serve who only stand and wait.

It is impossible to say too much in praise of Dr.

Lepsius, if I may hazard an opinion after so short an acquaintance—but a sea voyage tries the temper, and gives the observer a quick insight into character. He is young, not more, I should say, than two or three and thirty, but just the man to command in such an expedition—giving a tone to its society by his own earnest sincerity, simplicity, and good-humoured and considerate kindness—aiding and helping all who are willing to help themselves—ready at a moment, however occupied, to give information to others—and, above all, setting an example of energy and perseverance that is quite contagious. During our hurried stay at Malta, he went through as much bodily fatigue as would, I should have supposed, have knocked up a dozen men; and I, catching the spirit of his energetic nature, hunted out the curious works of art in the churches of La Valletta, referred to by a correspondent in the *Athenæum*, [see No. 550.] and then galloped off over the most fearful of stony roads, to see the antiquities at Citta Veechia, and the still more interesting Cyclopean remains at Casal Crendi, plans of which have been, I believe, published by the Archaeological Society of Rome, and, after a rough fashion, in the *Maltese Penny Magazine*. When I got home, and off my horse, it appeared to me that every bone in my body was dislocated, and I could with difficulty crawl to bed; but next morning I found the Doctor, fresh as ever, hard at work in the Museum, copying Phœnician inscriptions. This will give you an idea of his bodily activity; and for home recreation, he has brought with him a complete Egyptian library—every work that tends to illustrate Egyptian art or antiquities.

The day before yesterday, at nine o'clock in the morning, I accompanied the Commission to an audience with the Pasha. He received us standing, and surrounded by his Beys all in plain blue dresses without ornament, and wearing the red cap or fez. This, I confess, somewhat startled my old notions about barbaric pomp and eastern magnificence. You know the general forms observed on these occasions; the same, no doubt, on all. He is a fine old man, not tall, with a handsome expressive countenance, and a long white beard. The portraits do not do him justice. There is a coarse, vulgar expression about them which is by no means the character of his face, nor is there any trace in it of savagery or cruelty, but rather of mild benevolence. The Swedish Consul introduced us formally (we had been announced before), and the Pasha requested us to take seats. Dr. Lepsius then presented the King of Prussia's letter, which one of the Beys took from him, and handed to an interpreter, who immediately retired into an adjoining room to translate it. Meanwhile the Pasha, by means of an interpreter, conversed with the Doctor on the objects of his mission, and the places he desired to visit, and promised that he should have permission to go where he pleased and do what he liked. He was very merry, laughed when the Doctor complimented him on his strength and horsemanship; which we had observed the day before, when we chanced to meet him in the streets, riding through the town, accompanied by his suite. Though an old man, he looks hale and well, and will, I think, yet hold out some years. The day before he had received from Constantinople the insignia of Grand Vizier of the Empire, and the diamonds and decorations of the new honour were conspicuous on this occasion. The attendants now brought in coffee, a small cup to each of us, and then the interpreter made his appearance with a translation of the King's letter, which the Pasha read. He expressed his satisfaction both with the letter and the presents, and told Dr. Lepsius that he should be the bearer of a letter from him to his Majesty when he returned to Europe. He then retired.

I went afterwards to see unpacked the magnificent vases presented by the King of Prussia, and had thus an opportunity of seeing the private apartments of the palace. They are very splendid, and quite in the European style, though not in the best taste. The architecture and decorations were executed, I believe, by an Italian, and on the whole the effect is rich and good. I saw also the two splendid mosaic tables, lately sent to the Pasha by the Pope, and many other presents which he has received from sovereign princes.

Paris, Sept. 31.

THE French journals will already have informed you of all the small artistic news of the day—beginning with the two missing apostle-statues discovered by M. Duban, while engaged upon the restorations of La Sainte Chapelle: and ending with the rumour that Notre Dame de Paris is at last to undergo an entire and careful renovation. For faith in this, there is encouragement in the recently decorated choir of the cathedral at St. Denis—as superb a specimen of Gothic polychromy as eye could desire. You may have seen, too, in the *Débats*, the account given by M. Décluse, of the exhibition at the Palais des Beaux Arts. I hope I duly recognized the merit of many of the works exhibited,—in particular, M. Papety's great picture of the Age of Gold, and I am sure I did respectful honour to the national spirit which affords to art such a royal lodgment, with gratuitous access to the public. But, far beyond any of the changing attractions of the Palais, is the permanent charm of the Hémicycle of M. Paul Delaroche, which decorates the amphitheatre, and was noticed in the *Athenæum* when first opened to the public (No. 737). This is a picture, which could not, I fear, be equalled by any contemporary English artists. Our insular eyes, accustomed to hues and tints as gaudy as those assembled in one of Mr. Loddiges' cases of humming-birds, may require a few minutes grace ere they become reconciled to a certain chalkiness of tone which pervades this large and ambitious composition: and our insular pride may swell on discovering that, according to French estimation, we possess no painters, no sculptors, no architects. But let that pass; we can better afford to be overlooked than to overlook. Let us give all honour to the aspiration, borne out by execution, exhibited in this great work: and what can lay a heavier tax on mind or hand, than the presentment of the world's greatest artists, assembled to behold and encourage the efforts of their descendants? Be the painter ever so prejudiced, who comes here to criticize, he must exempt from censure this very remarkable picture, as at once noble and dignified. For myself, though as far from preferring Gericault to Gainsborough, as our least catholic R.A., I could not shut out busy whisperings and misgivings about our fresco competition, while looking at this noble Hémicycle by Paul Delaroche.

The musical world is something less stagnant than when I wrote last. At the Grand Opera there is great activity—of discontent—and it has been even said the jealousies, rivalries, exactions, and caprices, there, may cost the theatre its main prop, Duprez. Should it be so, may we Londoners gain him! At the performance of 'Guillaume Tell,' the other evening, I had an opportunity of making acquaintance with the new baritone or basso cantante, M. Barolihet, who, after a successful Italian career, has returned, like his greater comrade, to his own stage. As a singer, M. Barolihet is impassioned, expressive, and has cleared his voice of that nasal twang which remains the national reproach even unto this day—for examples inquire at the *Opéra Comique*. His good notes are as few as Ronconi's, but, I think, more pleasantly toned. His action is animated, but rather grotesque; never did I see arms thrown about in so royal a defiance of sprain or rheumatism. His face is well adapted for stage effect: his figure declared to be faultless by those who are ignorant of the wonderful symmetry which attends the labours of the Parisian stage tailor.

The stir at the *Opéra Comique*, is more satisfactory than the convulsions which threaten the prosperity of *L'Académie*. The revival of ancient master-pieces cannot but tend to good; the last I saw was Gretry's 'Richard,' very fairly given. But I heeded little M. Masset's clever violin playing in the part of *Blondel*, which has taken the Boulevard des Italiens by storm, or the pathos and delicacy with which M. Roger sung the music given to the captive monarch. The elegance and dramatic life of Gretry's melodies and choruses so took hold of me as to make me indifferent to the execution. I shall think ill of our English critics, if, on the revival of these, they still continue to put forth their desperate denunciations against the *Sainte Cecile* of their neighbours, as if their own Saint Cicely of madrigals, glees, and church services, had, even in the golden age of her popularity, worn a robe half so neatly

folded, half so originally fashioned, half so exquisitely embroidered! I have also heard Scribe and Auber's last novelty, 'Le Duc d'Orléans,' but with less pleasure. The music contains some charming passages: as, for instance, the chorus of Spanish nuns driven by the vivacity of an approaching cannonade to patter their prayers in double quick time. Madame Thillon's anacreontic song, too, is one of Auber's most piquant inspirations; and her great *scena* in the last act, with a triple accompaniment behind the scenes, of a pair of rival serenaders, and a band of military music, is as excellent in its effect, as it must be difficult to execute with precision. But, as a whole, the work shows signs of feebleness, if not of fatigue, on the part of Auber. Nor do I think the story one of Scribe's happiest; the lasting success of 'Le Domino Noir' was sure to tempt its writer to further efforts in comedy, of the *cloak and sword* school. But the artifice of disguise, even when varied by the tact of a Scribe, and helped by the inimitable scissors of a Parisian tailor, is one which must pall on repetition; and the veiled wife of the courtly profligate, masquerading—thanks to the compulsions of war-time,—as a young monk, interested me far more faintly than the mysterious *Catarina* of 'Les Diamans,'—and immeasurably less than the original *Angela* of the incomparable and ever-charming 'Domino.' Ere I leave theatrical music, I may mention that Balfe's new work for the *Salle Favart* is shortly to be produced: with every prophecy of success, which is sometimes half the battle.

A paragraph must be added in honour of a very young composer of chamber music, with whose name and works you will hereby make acquaintance—I mean M. César Auguste Franck. If the talent of this artist be only rightly directed, I cannot but think the world will one day hear of him among the foremost. In one of the two trios, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, which I heard him play, I was struck by a freshness and quaintness of idea, without any studied singularity, which would have done honour to a greater master; the other trio in *F* sharp minor, though less pleasing, was more remarkable; the most ambitious attempt I can call to mind: impossible (or little short of it) to play, and fatiguing to hear; and yet so full of lofty thoughts and original conceptions, however crudely cemented, as to promise a remarkable future for its author, when time and experience shall have taught him the limits of his art and the powers of its language.

H. F. C.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

OF home gossip scarcely a rumour has reached us. Professor Hosking, of King's College, is preparing for publication 'Professional Notes on some of the Flemish and Rhenish Churches, made during a recent tour in Flanders and Germany, with notices of the Belgian and Prussian Railways, and of the railway works now in progress between Liege and Aix-la-Chapelle,'—and he has in the press, a work 'On the Principles and Practice of Architecture, with Remarks on the modern practice of Competition.'

St. Paul's Cathedral, which has been closed for some months, has been thoroughly cleansed, and is now re-opened. The old oak panellings and carvings of the choir have been varnished, the seats and pulpit covered with new cloth, the monuments purified, and the interior generally cleared of the accumulated soot and dust of years, so that the whole has a comparatively cheerful appearance. It is open gratis from ten to twelve, and from two to four—that is to say, during divine service!

The French government has bestowed a pension of 600 francs on the widow of Eugene Buret. We hear, too, from Paris, that M. Hippolyte Flandrin is about to paint, on the high altar of the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, the legend of its patron saint. In the same church, a niche is preparing, in the style of the fourteenth century, for the reception of the marble statue known by the name of *Notre-Dame-la-Blanche*. This figure, life-size, was given in 1340, by Queen Jeanne d'Evreux to the church of Saint-Denis; where it stood till the period of the revolution: from thence, it was transferred to the Museum of French Monuments, and remained there for several years; when the government having decided on restoring to the despoiled temples some wrecks of their former riches, *Notre-Dame-la-Blanche* was in-



cluded in the portion assigned to the Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés; and for nearly thirty years it has lain unhonoured in the sacristy of that church.

The number of members who had taken out tickets for the Scientific Congress at Strasburg, up to the 25th ult. was 639; 385 of whom were inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, and the remainder strangers. M. de Caumont had been elected President, and MM. Schadow, Bertini, Jullien, and Bous-singault, Vice-presidents of the meeting. The election of officers in the sixth Section has been dwelt on with considerable emphasis, as furnishing an answer, from the higher portion of the clergy, Catholic and Protestant, to the fanatical excitement of which Alsace has recently been the scene; one of the Vice-presidents chosen in the Section in question, being Dean of the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Strasburg, while another is Professor in the Faculty of Catholic Theology at Bonn. Among the papers of most interest have been mentioned one by M. L. Spach, 'On the Town and University of Strasburg in 1770'—and a Memoir by M. Schadow, 'On the Influence of Christianity on the Fine Arts.'

The Belgian government has decided on the immediate establishment of a system of primary education throughout the kingdom, including religious instruction, reading, writing, tables of weights and measures, the first rules of arithmetic, in some cases French, Flemish, or German. A normal school is also to be established in each arrondissement, in order to furnish teachers to the primary schools, in which the course of instruction is to include French and Flemish, or in place of the latter, German, arithmetic, drawing and surveying, music, gymnastics, geography, and history.

It is said that the Count Rossi, the husband of Mlle. Sontag, is about to be named Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Sardinia to the Prussian Court, where the lady will be called on to enact the stately part of an ambassador in the scene of her first scenic triumphs, eighteen years ago. Letters from Potsdam state that the poet, Louis Tieck, has been struck with apoplexy. This intelligence, however, is of the 25th ult.; later tidings from Berlin mention the attack as having occurred on the road from Dresden—speak of his recovery—and announce his nomination, by the Prussian King to the post of scenic director of the Grand Opera, of the capital.

The Bishop of Algiers, and a deputation of his clergy, have set out for Italy on a mission which has to do more of a literary than a religious interest—that of receiving, at Pavia, the remains of Augustin, for the purpose of restoring them to the African soil. Augustin died on the 14th August 430, during the siege of Hippona, of which he was bishop. His body and writings were secretly rescued from the outrages of the Arians, by his disciples, and transported into Sardinia. When the Saracens became masters of that island, Liutprand, king of the Lombards, purchased them and transported them to Pavia, his capital. On the 28th of the present month the bishop is to consecrate, on the ruins of Hippona, the monument raised by the clergy of France to the memory of the great Doctor; and the relics are to find, as it is hoped, their final resting-place at the same spot, and on the same occasion.

The College of the Propaganda, at Rome, completed its annual examination, and distributed its prizes on the 17th ult. It is mentioned as a remarkable fact, that for the first time in the history of these competitions, the musical prizes have been carried away by foreigners—the first singing prize having been awarded to a Persian, Hamet-Ben-Ibly, and the second to Mr. Wood, a native of Cincinnati, in the United States. From the same capital, we have some particulars which may serve as an addition to the paragraph which we gave, a week or two ago, illustrating the spirit of reparation and preservation of ancient monuments which is abroad very generally throughout the Continent. Orders have been issued by the Pope, that the Monastery of the Annunziata, should be rebuilt, in such manner as to leave uncovered the left side of the Temple of Mars the Avenger, clearing to their bases, from all kinds of ruin and of parasite erection, the three columns yet remaining of that magnificent edifice. In the same spirit the pyramid of Caius Sextus has been cleared from the rubbish by which it was surrounded, as well as from a vineyard which encroached on one of its sides, and forms

now a fine ornament to the road leading to the Basilica of Saint-Paul. The arch of Drusus has been similarly cleared,—as have also some fragments of the ancient aqueduct, and several other monuments of ancient Rome.

We have already noticed the growing disposition to turn from modern composition to an examination of some of those neglected operas which have, for a season, been fairly beaten down by the genius of Italian music. The directors of the Opera at Vienna have announced for performance during the approaching winter, five French operas, which, we believe, have not been produced in that metropolis for upwards of twenty years past,—the 'Médée,' and the 'Deux Journées,' of Cherubini, 'La Vestale' of Spontini, 'Joseph et ses Frères en Égypte' by Méhul, and 'Le Petit Chaperon Rouge' by Boieldieu.

The Italian Opera season has opened, at Paris, but languidly. Donizetti, however, has arrived, or is hourly expected there, to bring out his 'Linda de Chamouny,'—and Madame Viardot Garcia is engaged. Lablache has been dangerously ill—sickness, too, has overtaken his great German compeer, Staudigl, and the Vienna papers express most disheartening doubts whether that admirable artist will ever be able to return to the stage. Another of the novelties promised for the coming Parisian Opera season, which we may hardly look for on this side the channel is, the 'Nabucodonosor' of Verdi. The French gossips further tell us, that Madame Manuel Garcia, who some three years since appeared at the *Opéra Comique*, is about to head the *corps* at the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street. They speak, too, with enthusiasm of a great success won at Brussels by M. Berlioz, who has recently given two grand concerts there. That much canvassed composer is about to winter in Germany: having been earnestly invited thither, report asserts, by no less influential a personage than Meyerbeer.

#### DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The Nobility, Gentry, and the Public are informed, that this establishment will be SHORTLY CLOSED for the season, then both Pictures, now exhibiting, viz. THE VILLAGE OF ALAGNA, and THE SHIRINE OF THE NATIVITY, will be removed, and replaced by subjects of great novelty and interest.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

##### THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

On Monday Evening, October 17, Her Majesty's Servants will perform Shakespeare's Tragedy of HAMLET. *Hamlet*, Mr. Macready; *Ghost*, Mr. Phelps; *Gertrude*, Mrs. Warner. With Handel's Opera of ACIS AND GALATEA. *Acis*, Miss P. Horton; *Galatea*, Miss Bonner; *Polypheuse*, Mr. Stratton. Tuesday, the Comedy of THE ROAD TO RUIN. Wednesday, AS YOU LIKE IT, from the Text of Shakespeare. *Jaynes*, Mr. Macready; *Ananias*, Mr. Allen; *First Lord*, Mr. Elton; *Second Lord*, Mr. H. Phillips; *Le Beau*, Mr. Hudson; *Orlando*, Mr. Anderson; *Adam*, Mr. Phelps; *Toucheant*, Mr. Keeley; *William*, Mr. Compton; *Rosalind*, Mrs. Nisbett; *Celia*, Mrs. Sterling; *Audrey*, Mrs. Keeley. Thursday, Shakespeare's Tragedy of OTHELLO. *Othello*, Mr. Macready; *Cassio*, Mr. Anderson; *Iago*, Mr. Phelps; *Roderigo*, Mr. C. Mathews; *Desdemona*, Miss H. Faucit; *Emilia*, Mrs. Warner. Friday, AS YOU LIKE IT. With every Evening (Money excepted) the new Vaudeville Comedy, called, FOLLIES OF A NIGHT. *Duke de Chartres*, Mr. Hudson; *Docteur Dringdradoff*, Mr. Compton; *Pierre Follid*, Mr. C. Mathews; *Duchess de Chartres*, Madame Vestris.

**Notes on the Festivals.**—The autumnal festivals at Newcastle, Norwich, and Worcester are over, and the improvement to be derived from their performances and the manner of their reception may now be fairly considered. England, it is obvious, is no longer in that lethargic condition when such entertainments can be passed by as insulated pageants, bearing no relation to the daily life or domestic tastes of those taking part in them as spectators. The humour of the public and the development of its musical desires must now be closely studied by managers and directing committees; since the exhibition of the newest Italian *Signora*, or the most miraculous instrumentalist, who has tickled the ears of the metropolitan *dilettanti* during the past spring, will no longer satisfy a provincial audience. That this is the case, may be seen by the success of the Norwich and Worcester Festivals, where there were few such "stars" as were wont to be paraded by way of attraction, in letters far more pompous than would have been given to Handel's 'Messiah' or Spohr's 'Fall of Babylon.' The engagement of Rubini at Norwich, was the solitary concession to mere curiosity, that excellent opera singer being less satisfactory as a prop to oratorios than many a second-rate artist, native or foreign.

It need hardly be insisted that it is by the oratorios that these provincial congresses "take mark," since

it is agreed that nothing (not even a London benefit *exposition*, or a Philharmonic meeting, where careless directorship is borne out by lazy mis-conduct,) can be more monotonously profitless, heterogeneous, or wearying, than a festival concert. Let us see, then, what the sacred novelties of the recent season have been. At Norwich, the great attraction was Spohr's 'Fall of Babylon.' Till another performance allows us an opportunity of analyzing this work, we must avail ourselves of the laconic character given by one of the shrewdest and most dispassionate thinkers of the day. "It has been violently overpraised, it will be unjustly abused, and then quietly forgotten." That there is a certain amount of truth in this, we are disposed to believe, from observing that its most enthusiastic panegyrist ranks 'Babylon' by the side of its composer's 'Calvary,'—an oratorio heralded by a like flourish of trumpets, angrily discussed in the musical circles, but now heard of no more. Be it the best or the worst creation of its master, however, and be that master the best or the worst of contemporary composers, certain it is that the local curiosity excited by the production of Spohr's last work was most eager. The avenues to St. Andrew's Hall were crowded on the morning of its performance; and the public was compelled to endure that compression so intolerable to itself, so gratifying to managerial ambition. Surely, from this, and from the like excitement produced by the introduction of Mendelssohn's 'Lobgesang' at Birmingham, we are justified in commending the measure, of making a new oratorio an essential feature on these occasions. Of the other novelty produced at Norwich, the *olla podrida* entitled Handel's 'Samson' we have already offered our judgment; but the patch-work turns out to be yet more flagrant than we had imagined. Not only were choruses from 'Deborah,' 'Giulio Cesare,' and other of Handel's works interpolated, not only have additional accompaniments been added, but one of Palestrina's motets was thrust in: as if the giant's choruses needed strengthening,—as if the superb Papal writer and the chapel-master to the Duke of Chandos had been a pair of Antipholies! Among musicians there can but be one opinion of such practices; but as those who stand on the boundaries of Literature and Art are, not without reason, supposed to countenance them, it behoves us, occupying a like debatable position, to lift up our voices in protest and dissent.

The appearance of the *Sacred Harmonic Society* as a body at Worcester, and the restoration of the performances to the nave of the cathedral, are both pointed out as causes for a degree of prosperity attending that Festival, which few had believed possible. The latter measure, we doubt not, improved the effect of the choral performances; but some part of the success doubtless lay in popular sympathy with amateur exertion; and it is none the less incumbent on us to point this out, because, during the very time when the Exeter Hall chorists were doing their best at Worcester, it was in debate whether their London performances should be resumed this winter, owing to the difficulties into which it is notorious that the Society has fallen. Every hour strengthens the conviction, that we are rapidly approaching a state of affairs, when each English town, be it cathedral or manufacturing, will furnish its own contingent of assistants, who have studied part singing, for love, not lucre, till they will be proficient enough to take part in these grand performances; but we must not, therefore, forget the service done by the *Sacred Harmonic Society*, by proving, however imperfectly, the practicability of such unions.

The mention of this interesting body, no less than the remark we have offered on the Norwich meeting, suggests a consideration which we would submit to our young English artists,—namely, whether, under the present very obvious tendencies of English taste, something could not, and ought not to be done by them, towards the formation of a national school of oratorio writers. Our best music lies among our unaccompanied madrigals and our cathedral services: We have always approached, and shall long continue to approach, the stage awkwardly in Opera, owing to a thousand hindrances both before and behind the curtain, of which this is not the right place to speak. We possess no school of orchestral players, and hence, for the moment, entertain little hope of a school of symphony writers. But our social habits, no less

than our artistic tendencies, invite us strongly towards the spiritual concert or oratorio. To succeed in producing such music demands the highest accomplishments. Hence, while we would counsel some of our young men to attempt the career in question more decidedly, than any one, for the moment, seems disposed to do; we are neither disparaging their powers, nor lowering their ambition, but awarding to the former the fullest credit, and bidding them raise the latter to the loftiest achievements of which musical genius is capable.

**DRURY LANE.**—The performance of 'The Rivals' went off flatly. Mr. Lambert has not the commanding power requisite for *Sir Anthony Absolute*, and his delivery of the dialogue was deficient in significance; he is better fitted for the Sullens and Moodys than the Sir Peters and Sir Anthonys. Keeley's *Arces* is droll, but not clownish enough; and Mr. Hudson's *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* is a tame imitation of Power's version of the character. The best of the new cast was the *Fag* of Mr. C. Mathews, who topped the part of the valet in capital style. Mr. Compton's *David*, too, is admirable. Mrs. Nisbett's *Lydia Languish*, though not lack-a-daisical enough, is a very clever performance. Mrs. C. Jones's *Mrs. Malaprop* is a fat duodecimo of blunders, and Mrs. Keeley, as *Lucy*, is only inferior to Mrs. Humby in "simplicity." Anderson's *Captain Absolute*, and the *Faulkland* and *Julia* of Mr. Phelps and Miss H. Faucit are well known. The costumes are of the right fashion, and the ladies become them well.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Miss Phillips (now Mrs. Salzberg), who played the tragic heroines at Drury Lane eight years ago, has returned to the stage, and made her re-appearance at Covent Garden, on Wednesday, as *Mrs. Oakley*, in 'The Jealous Wife,' one of those conventional common-places of the drama, which the pertinacity of players thrusts on the stage every now and then, in spite of the indifference of playgoers. Mrs. Salzberg has lost none of her stage tact, and has acquired a free and familiar style, verging upon unfeminine *braquerie*. She does not fall into the common mistake of playing the part in the style of tragedy; on the contrary, her comedy is deficient in tender sentiment, and she looks too much like a vixen in her tantrums. The other characters were respectively filled, with the exception of *Captain O'Cutter*, who was intrusted to Mr. Hodson, a new candidate for the representation of Irishmen with very slender pretensions.—A farce of blunders and situations, named after 'Cousin Lambkin,' the butt of the piece, in which everybody is taken for somebody else, affords plenty of fun without any expense of wit and humour.—Grétry's opera of 'Richard Cœur de Lion' deserves a warmer welcome than it seems likely to find; and this not only for the sake of the music, which is fresh, sterling, and dramatic, but in recognition of the care with which the work has been placed on the English stage. The scenery is beautiful, the chorus lively; and the principal singers, with one exception, are at least equal to those who draw all Paris to the *Opéra Comique*, to listen to the story of Lion Heart and his faithful minstrel. We have seldom seen Mr. Harrison to such advantage as in the part of *Blondel*; while Miss Rainforth, as the pretty and coquettish *Laurette*, may fearlessly challenge, both as singer and actress, her popular countrywoman, Madame Thillon, to whom the part is intrusted in Paris. Miss Poole is the peasant boy. On the whole, it is a pity that an opera so worthy and so well executed has fallen on such indifferent days.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Paris Academy of Sciences.**—Oct. 3.—A paper on Manures, by Messrs. Payen and Bousingault, was first read; then a communication from M. Sondalo, on the means of purifying the air which has been already taken into the lungs from the carbonic acid gas with which it is charged. This gentleman informs the Academy that he remained under water an hour, clothed with a waterproof dress, and having with him, in a small vessel, the preparation of lime required for the absorption of the carbonic acid and the oxygenated water, in order to renew the oxygen of which the air already breathed had been deprived. With the aid of this small apparatus, contained within his

dress, he was able, during the time above stated, to purify the air which he took down with him.—A communication was made by M. Velpeau, of the use of puncture, and the injection of iodine, in cases of encysted tumours, and even in dropsy. According to M. Velpeau, this mode of treatment was successful.—A paper by M. Parchappe, on insanity and its causes, was next read.—The concluding paper was a proposition from a M. Cornay, to employ the galvanoplastic process, after embalming, for the preservation of the human body after death. The idea, however extravagant it may appear, is said not to be original, and that beautiful specimens are to be seen of small animals, birds, insects, &c. which have been thus preserved by M. Soyeux, of the Place Vendôme.

**The Boundary-line as settled by Treaty.**—Always active and enterprising, Mr. Wyld, as usual, is first in the field with a map of the disputed territory—which has marked on it, the boundary line as claimed by Great Britain and the United States, the line according to the award of the King of Holland, and the line as now happily settled by treaty.

**The Sketcher's Guide.**—This is an apparatus to assist persons unacquainted with the art of drawing. The principle is to trace with prepared chalk on a glass, crossed by longitudinal and transverse lines, the objects seen through it; and then to lay a paper on the glass, hold them up to the light, and retrace from the glass on to the paper. The first process is simple and easy enough, but the second is more difficult, and might be improved, by preparing a paper for the purpose thinner than usual, and so constructing an inner frame that it should confine and press the paper on to the glass.

**Bookbinding.**—Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have requested our attention to Mr. Morison's improvement in binding, for ledgers, journals, and other large books, which, we are assured, unites strength and durability, and is not more costly than common binding. For ourselves, we can only say, that the volume submitted to us was extremely well bound—opened freely, and lay flat when opened—and that it may be worth while for merchants, bankers, and others, to examine this invention and judge of its merit.

**Saint Martin's Steeple.**—The repairs are now nearly completed. About forty-five feet of the steeple had to be removed, and have been restored. The stones, with the exception of the damage sustained by the lightning, were very slightly decayed, though they have been exposed above 130 years. The side of the steeple facing the west was discovered to be more wasted than either of the other sides.

**The Green Park.**—The site of the house and grounds of the late ranger have been levelled, new foot-paths laid out, and the whole thrown into the park, and it is now open to the public. The projected widening of Piccadilly, from Devonshire House to Hyde Park Corner, is deferred for the present, as an act of parliament is said to be required.

**A Self-made Savant.**—The following is from the *Courrier de la Gironde*,—and we are tempted to extract it:—The celebrated painter, Deveria, has just executed a portrait of Gaston Sacaze. This name, well known to all the botanists and mineralogists who, for the last twelve years, have visited the Pyrenees, is borne by the younger son of an honest peasant family, *propriétaires* at Bagis-Besost, near the Hot Springs. Without even quitting his mountain, Gaston Sacaze has contrived to take, from the cultivation of his fields and the care of his flocks, time sufficient to become, without teacher, a good botanist and a good mineralogist. He taught himself Latin, that he might translate the Latin names which he found in Linnaeus, and other botanical works. He has systematically classed all the plants of the hills and valley of Ossau—composed a rich herbal of the same—and drawn and coloured them all. In the largest room of his peasant-home is a collection of stones, minerals, insects and butterflies native to these mountains. Gaston Sacaze has also made himself a violin; with which, as he tends his herds, he accompanies his own singing of songs composed by himself.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—A Subscriber—B. V.—received.—The statement about the Countess of Desmond refutes itself.—The test proposed by "An Unemployed Civil Engineer" would be about sufficient to prove the competence of a boy, before admitting him into the office of a civil engineer.

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